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DIARY LOVES

I.C.D. 9

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COVER PHOTOGRAPH—Imogene Williams, Warner Bros. starlet, by Theda and Emerson Hall, Globe.

I TOOK THE WRONG ROAD

GO AHEAD...BE SUPERIOR! SNEER AT ME, CALL ME A THIEF, A GUN GIRL, A WANTON! RUN WITH THE PACK AND DON'T GIVE ME A BREAK! I CAN'T ANSWER YOU FROM WHERE I SIT! I'M TUCKED AWAY IN A THICK WALLED, HEAVY BARRED JAIL! ALL I CAN DO IS WRITE MY STORY IN A DIARY! MAYBE SOMEDAY YOU'LL WANT TO READ IT...!

The fact that I'm here is proof that I'm no good, you say? Maybe you're right! But then again maybe if you'd gotten the same tough breaks, you'd be here too!

With the start I got, there were two strikes against me from the beginning...

You may have heard about kids who had a childhood like mine! It's nice just to have heard about it...not to have had to live it!

I used to wait on those steps for my mother to come back from the steam laundry where she was using up the last bit of strength in her young life...





Not much I wasn't! I had learned that it eased the pain for my poor mother to hear that!





It would go on like that! Dreams to take the place of a square meal!



What a laugh! When I grew up, I had a place at a mangle in the same laundry where my mother had worked until she died!



And instead of the dingy apartment my mother and I had lived in, I now had an even more dingy furnished room!



I didn't have many friends ---but there was Aggie! Maybe if I had just stayed lonely instead of listening to her, I'd have been spared some of my agony later--- but I'd never have had any fun either---





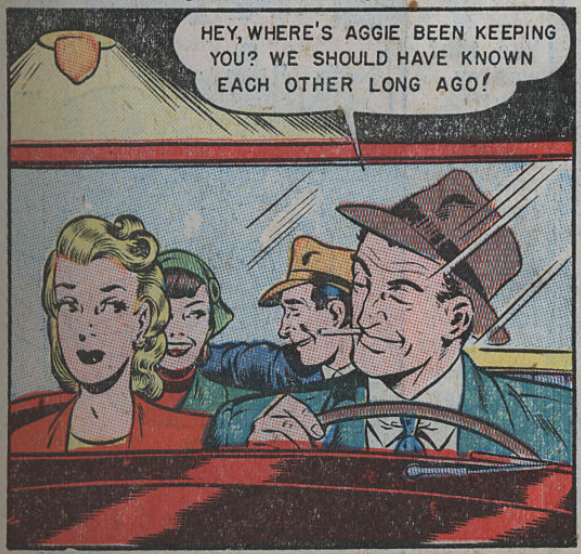




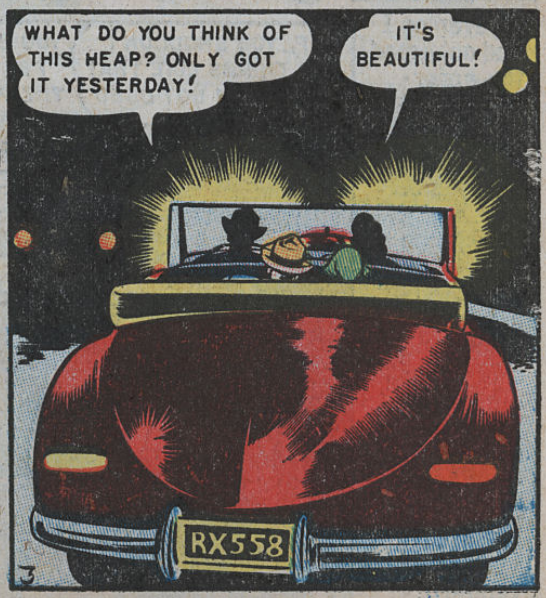
It seems hard to believe now that there was actually a time when I knew the true score! But not for long! My young heart was crying out for a little gayety, a little romance! One day Aggie asked me---for perhaps the tenth time...



That was the night I met Biff Wyatt---



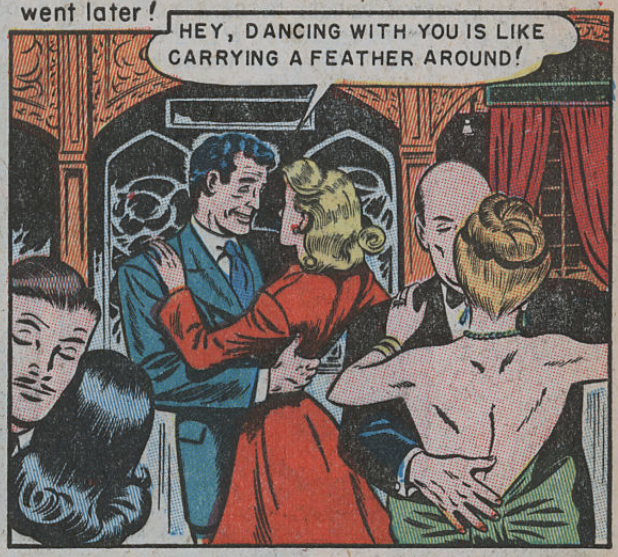
Soon enough it would become clear that Biff and I should never have known each other! But not that night---not for many nights after that!



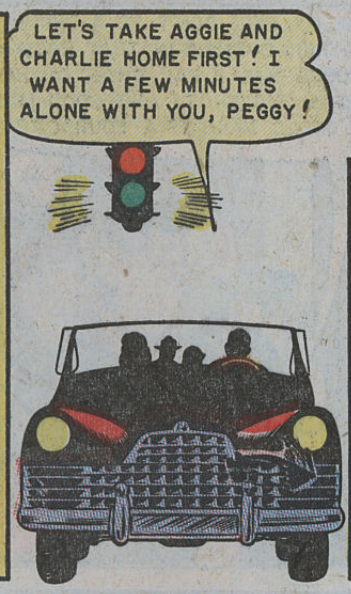
I didn't add that I had never been in one like it before... or that I'd never eaten in the kind of restaurant where we had dinner...



...or danced in the expensive nightclub where we went later!



I was thrilled by it all... excited by the abandoned carelessness with which Biff spent his money, the boldness of his manner which seemed to tell me he had licked all the problems that tortured me! It was late when we started for home...



Did the pounding of my heart mean that I was afraid to be alone with Biff or that I wanted to! We dropped our friends... and then...





All evening I had accepted the entertainment Biff had offered... but with wariness... with the knowledge that he was spending crooked money and that I was out with a "tough guy"! But now he suddenly seemed so boyish, so young and tender...

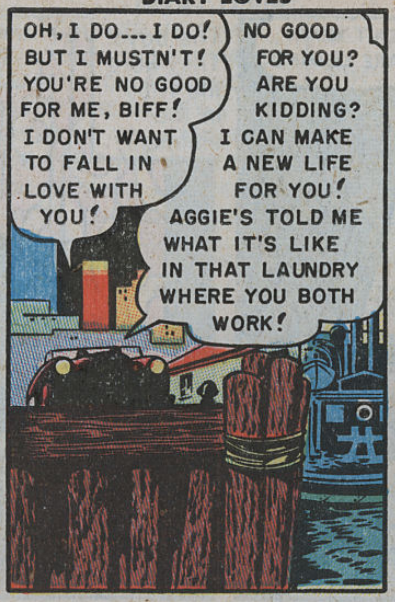


Yes, that was my night! First the gayety, now the romance! It was so easy to forget the laundry in Biff's arms ...so easy to forget everything...



Suddenly I knew I had to break away---









Was there logic in Biff's argument or was it the warmth of his kisses that influenced me?

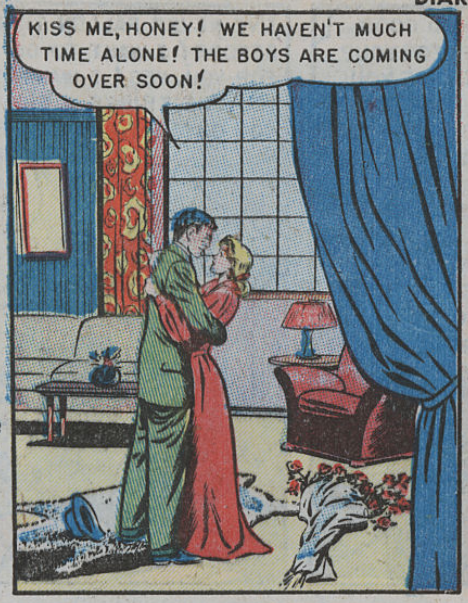




I suppose you think I was a fool to have stuck my neck out for one night of happiness! Well, it wasn't only one night! There were others... plenty of them...



As if an apartment like that needed brightening up! Yes, it was mine and so were the clothes and a bright blue convertible! The laundry ---my old room---were fast becoming only unpleasant memories!



The boys! They were the flies in the ointment!



Not that the boys weren't polite enough to me! They wouldn't dare be anything else to Biff Wyatt's girl---



---but watching them I couldn't shake off the feeling that their sinister lives would become hopelessly intertwined with mine some day!

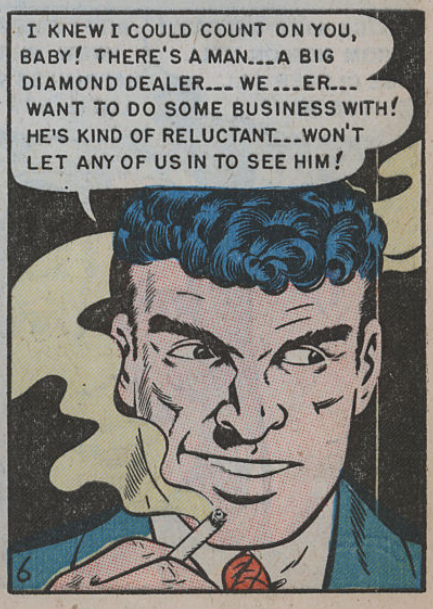


When the boys had gone---



I was to learn soon enough how smart Biff Wyatt did play it--- regardless of who got hurt! Biff came to me one day---









Biff's words struck me like arrows! He was right! If he were about to do something criminal I was as much involved in it staying in my snug apartment as I would be at the scene of the crime...



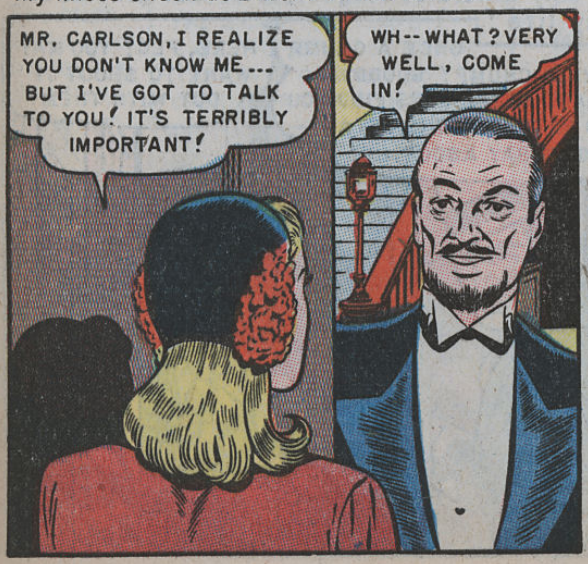


But hard as I tried I couldn't keep from shuddering now as Biff kissed my cheek affectionately!

Well, the newspapers told you what happened next, told you some of it... not everything! Biff and the boys drove me to a house... a big, fine house in the best part of town...



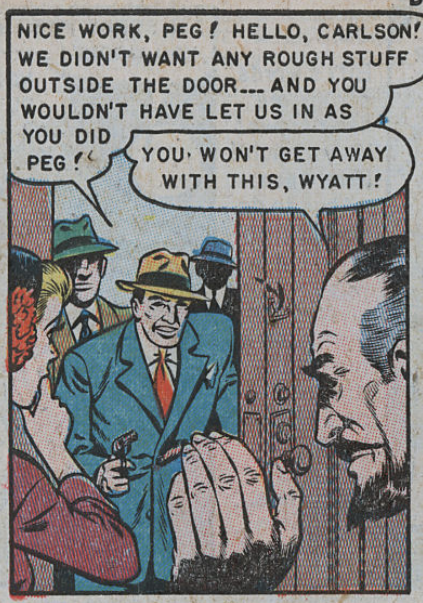
My knees shook as I went to the door...



It was so easy! Inside I stood with my back to the door Carlson had closed... and I opened it again!

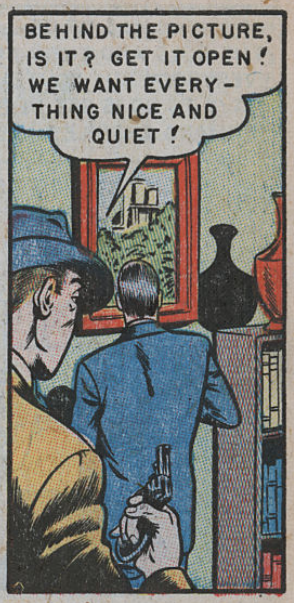


How horrible it was to stand there facing that man, knowing that something was going to happen to him--- something terrifying--- in another minute---





My heart stood still! At last I was face to face with the real Biff Wyatt! Carlson moved slowly toward a picture on the wall---



But there was a shelf near the picture and with a sudden movement Carlson reached behind the books---



The next moment there was an ear splitting report and Carlson toppled over---

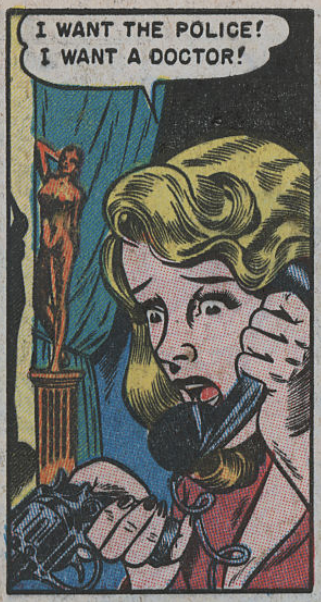




With only a word of disgust, Biff was gone--- out of my life!



In a daze I picked up the gun, held it and stared at it as if it were a snake! With my other hand I picked up the phone...



I was sitting there, still holding the gun when they came...



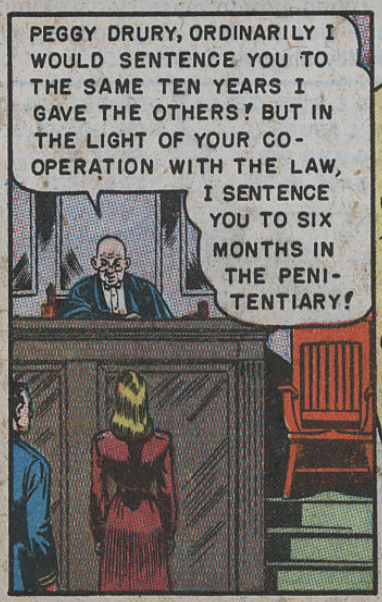


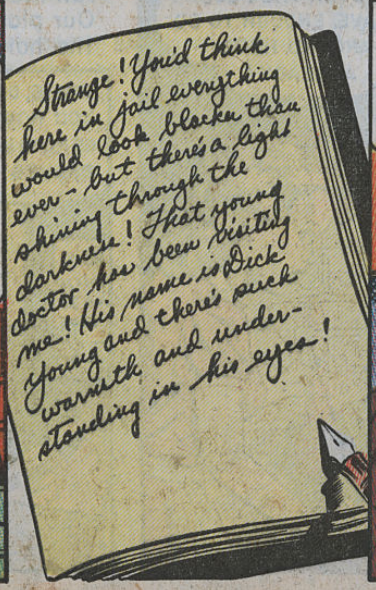
I could see the disbelief on the faces of the cops as I told my story... told the whole truth without sparing myself! Only in the eyes of the young doctor was there a spark of warmth, a glimmer of belief...





You remember the trial! The trial about which the papers said that I had given evidence against my former confederates with icy calm! Maybe they were right! I was beyond emotion! Only the righting of wrong mattered!







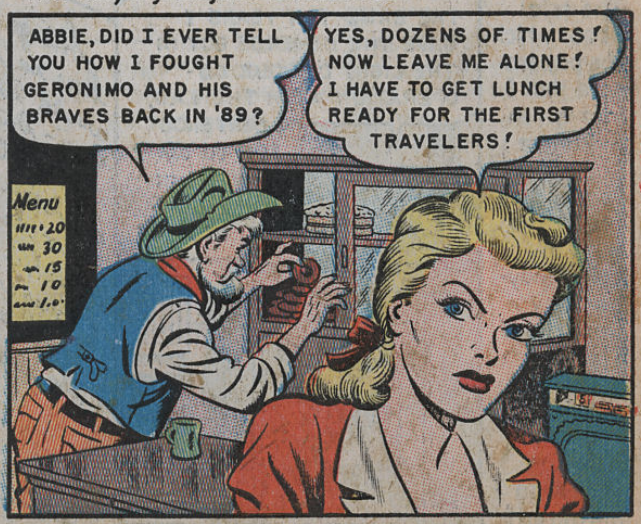
DESERT MADNESS



Dear Diary,
Today began like every other day! The sun rose blinding hot over the desert! All was quiet around the filling station as usual---



I hated to be cross but grandfather was so old and childish, always lost in the past, and I had to run the filling station myself so we could live! Our place was the last stop before you entered the hot, dry Mojave Desert---



But some days not a single car came down the gleaming highway, and when my work was done and night crept over the desert, I would sometimes cry with loneliness...

OH, I'M SO UNHAPPY! SOBS SO FAR FROM EVERYTHING AND EVERYBODY! NOTHING BUT THE SILENCE OF THE DESERT!

Then one morning as I was daydreaming in the lunchroom...

HELLO, THERE! ARE YOU OPEN FOR BUSINESS?

WHAT! OH, YOU STARTLED ME! YES... WE'RE OPEN!

My heart rose to my throat as the tall stranger approached! He had come out of nowhere! His clothes were worn and dusty and his face was burnt by the sun! But his voice was warm and gentle!

I NEVER THOUGHT I'D FIND ANYONE SO PRETTY OUT IN THIS DESERT! UMMMMM, THAT FOOD SMELLS GOOD!

THANK YOU! WOULD... WOULD YOU LIKE A MENU?

WELL... AH... I HAVEN'T ANY MONEY BUT I'D GLADLY WORK FOR A MEAL! I'D DO ANYTHING YOU WANTED!

WELL, YOU COULD CARRY WATER FROM THE SPRING! IT'S TOO HEAVY FOR ME!

THANK YOU VERY MUCH! WOULD YOU MIND IF I ATE FIRST? I HAVEN'T EATEN SINCE YESTERDAY MORNING...

OH, YOU POOR MAN! SIT RIGHT DOWN AND I'LL HAVE SOMETHING FOR YOU IN A JIFFY!

HOME MADE PIE

The stranger sat down wearily! I hurried to prepare my best meal! How my heart went out to him... he was tired and hungry and so young... yet he managed to smile!

YOU MUST BE STARVING! HAVE YOU COME FAR?

YES, VERY FAR! I DIDN'T THINK I WAS THIS WORN OUT! I HATE TO BOTHER YOU LIKE THIS!

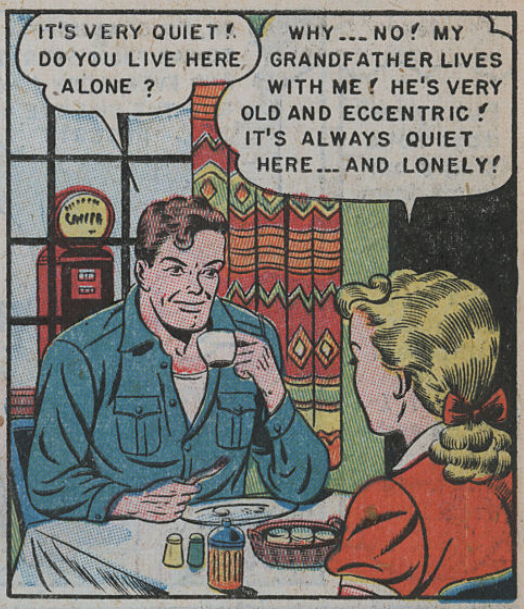
IT'S NO TROUBLE! THERE, START ON THAT!

IT LOOKS DELICIOUS! WILL YOU SIT AND TALK TO ME, PLEASE? I HAVEN'T MET ANYONE FOR MILES!

His name was Bart Spencer and he had the bluest eyes I had ever seen! But when I asked him about himself, he became evasive and mysterious!

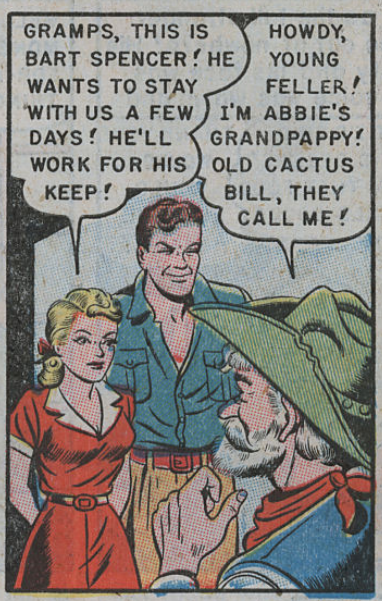


I felt myself blushing as his eyes hungrily searched mine! A spark of recognition seemed to jump between us at that moment and somehow I knew that Fate had destined us to meet this way!





There was nothing I wanted more then to have Bart stay! I had only known him a few minutes, but his very presence sent warm tides of happiness flooding through me! I was falling in love---at first sight!



Grandfather took a liking to Bart and it was settled that he would stay!



Two days passed and I was deliriously happy with Bart around, hearing his warm voice and manly step breaking into the lonely silence! He was always cheerful and carefree but he never spoke about his past!







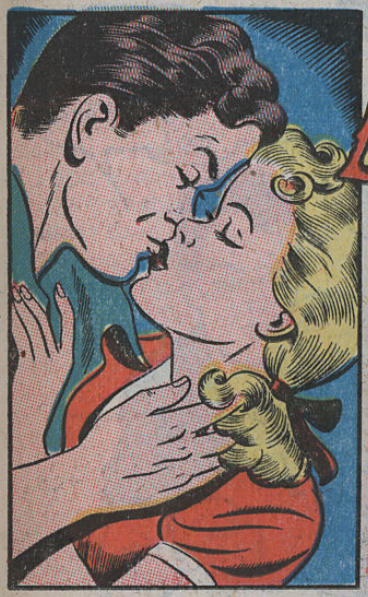
The desert breathed an air of mystery and enchantment as we walked! There seemed to be no one else alive in the whole world! We were completely alone! Suddenly...





Shamelessly, I confessed the secrets of my heart! All the loneliness and heartache of the past welled up in me in a torrent of emotion! Bart's arms closed around me...



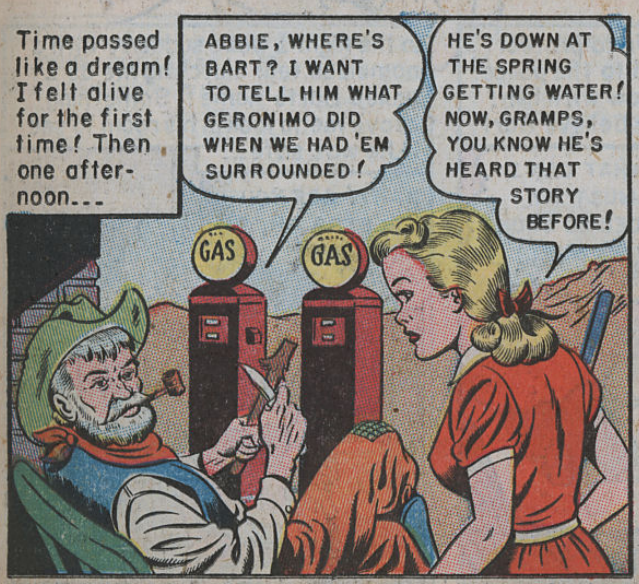


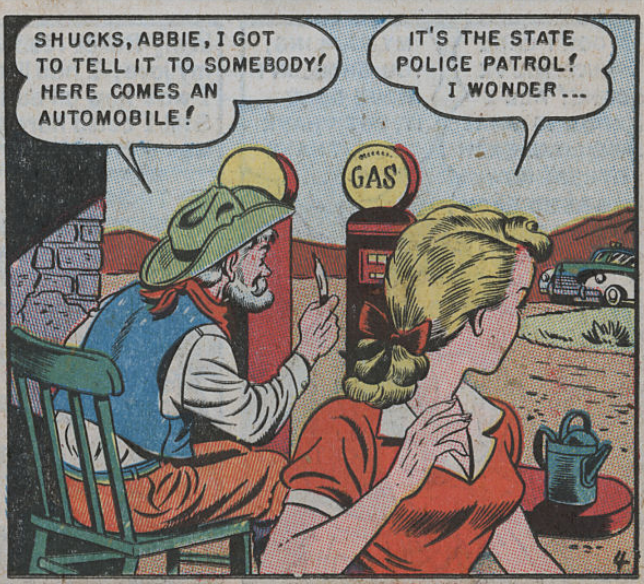
As Bart kissed me I thought I would burst with joy! In the stillness I could hear the happy beating of my heart! But, suddenly, Bart pulled away...





Time passed like a dream! I felt alive for the first time! Then, one afternoon...



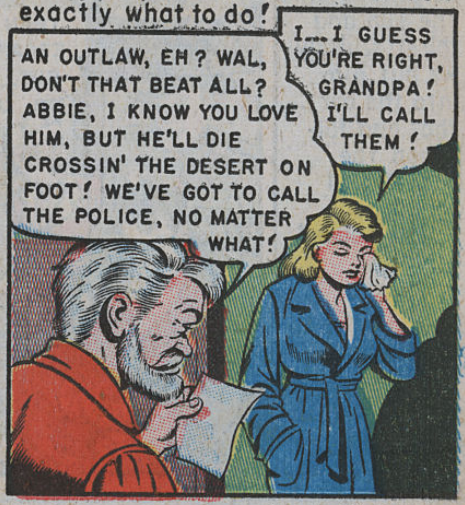



The Police Patrol always made a stop at our place for a cup of coffee! It was a usual thing, but for some reason my mind was uneasy as I went to meet them!
HELLO, SERGEANT BOYLE! CAN I HELP YOU?
HELLO, MISS ABBIE! MAYBE YOU CAN! WE'RE LOOKING FOR AN ESCAPED CONVICT! HE'S YOUNG, TALL, WITH BROWN HAIR AND BLUE EYES...
Sergeant Boyle was describing Bart exactly! My heart hammered in my ears! Could it be true? Bart was an escaped convict! What could I do? The sergeant's voice brought me back to my senses...
WE'VE TRACED HIM THIS FAR! DID YOU SEE HIM GO THROUGH, ABBIE? HE'S DANGEROUS!
GO---GO THROUGH? YES, A MAN LIKE THAT DID GO THROUGH... YESTERDAY! HE SAID HE WAS GOING TO LOS ANGELES!
THANKS, MISS ABBIE, WE'LL START RIGHT AFTER HIM! GOODBYE! SORRY WE CAN'T STOP FOR SOME OF YOUR GOOD COFFEE!
GOODBYE! I...I HOPE YOU CATCH HIM!
STATE POLICE
I stood for a moment, shaking with emotion! Then I saw Bart coming up from the spring! Frantically, I ran to him...
BART! BART!
ABBIE! WHAT'S WRONG? YOU'RE AS WHITE AS A GHOST!
THEY WERE HERE FOR YOU, DARLING! THE POLICE! I SENT THEM AWAY! I'LL NEVER LET THEM GET YOU!
OH, ABBIE! I DIDN'T WANT YOU DRAGGED INTO THIS! I'LL ONLY CAUSE TROUBLE FOR YOU!
I DON'T CARE WHAT YOU'VE DONE! ALL I KNOW IS THAT WE LOVE EACH OTHER! NOW WE NEED EACH OTHER MORE THAN EVER!
MY DARLING, YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE DONE IT, BUT THANK YOU, THANK YOU...
In my fierce resolve to protect my love, I had lied to the police! I was now an outlaw with him! Still I could hardly believe Bart was a criminal!
WHAT CAN I DO TO SAVE HIM? MUST MY HAPPINESS BE ENDED SO SOON? :SOB: TOMORROW WE MUST REACH SOME DECISION!
In the night I woke suddenly with a nameless fear clutching me as I called Bart's name! Something drove me to look in his room to see if he was safe...
BART! ARE YOU ASLEEP? OH, HE'S GONE! BART!

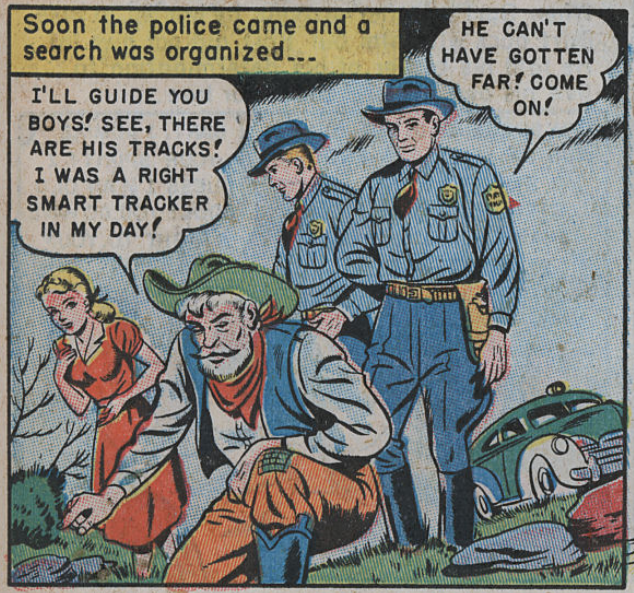




I told grandfather everything! I had to have someone to lean on! To my surprise he seemed to know exactly what to do!



Soon the police came and a search was organized...



As I stumbled along behind the search party, my heart was torn with anguish! My love was being hunted down like a wild beast and I was helping his pursuers!









What was Bart saying? He must have been delirious from the sun and thirst! Quickly we put him into the car that had followed the search and raced back to the house!

SAY, THIS FELLOW WAS RIGHT! HE IS THE SON OF LAMONT SPENCER! I REMEMBER SEEING THE REWARD POSTER!

THEN HE ISN'T AN ESCAPED CONVICT! BUT...BUT I DON'T UNDERSTAND!

My mind was so confused that I don't remember much of what happened after that, except that Bart wasn't an outlaw and that he was the son of the very wealthy Lamont Spencer!

HE'S GOING TO BE ALL RIGHT, MISS ABBIE! YOU CAN GO IN NOW!

THANK YOU, DOCTOR STEERS! BART, IT'S ABBIE, DARLING!

OH, BART, WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME WHO YOU REALLY WERE? I BELIEVED YOU WERE AN ESCAPED CONVICT!

I'M SORRY, DARLING! IN A WAY I AM AN ESCAPED CONVICT! MY FATHER WANTED ME TO TAKE OVER THE FAMILY FACTORY...

...AND MARRY THE DAUGHTER OF A FRIEND OF HIS! I REFUSED! I WANTED TO LIVE MY OWN LIFE! I WANT TO BE A WRITER... SO I RAN AWAY FROM HOME! HE OFFERED A BIG REWARD FOR ME!

BUT NOW I'VE FOUND THAT YOU CAN'T RUN AWAY FOREVER! I'M TIRED OF IT! I'M GOING TO FACE IT!

WE'LL FACE IT TOGETHER! WE'LL HAVE OUR OWN LIFE TOGETHER! YOUR FATHER IS FLYING HERE NOW!

When Bart's father arrived, he wanted to take Bart back with him but Bart did not give in! He told his father of his determination to live his own life and about our love...

I'M SORRY, DAD, BUT YOU'VE RUN MY LIFE LONG ENOUGH! I'M STAYING HERE WITH ABBIE! THAT'S FINAL!

BART, I ADMIRE YOUR SPIRIT! I GUESS I'M AN OLD FOOL! YOU DO HAVE A RIGHT TO YOUR OWN LIFE!

THANKS, DAD! I KNEW YOU WOULD SEE IT MY WAY!

NOW THAT I HAVE, HOW ABOUT YOU GETTING SOME SLEEP WHILE I BECOME ACQUAINTED WITH MY FUTURE DAUGHTER-IN-LAW?

Bart's father was really very nice! In a little while we were chatting like old friends!

I THOUGHT MY MONEY COULD GIVE BART HAPPINESS, ABBIE, BUT I SEE I'M WRONG! WELL, YOU'D BETTER BE GETTING BACK TO HIM, YOUNG LADY!

ALL RIGHT! HERE COMES MY GRANDFATHER! I THINK HE WANTS TO TALK TO YOU!

BUT WEREN'T YOU SCARED WHEN GERONIMO HAD YOU SURROUNDED, CACTUS BILL?

NOT A BIT! WHY I JUST LET FLY AT THEM REDSKINS! BANG! BANG!

Today I became Mrs. Bartley Spencer III! Grandfather was best man! Without him I might never have found Bart out there on the desert... the place where I lost and regained my love!

LOOK SMART! BE COMFORTABLE!

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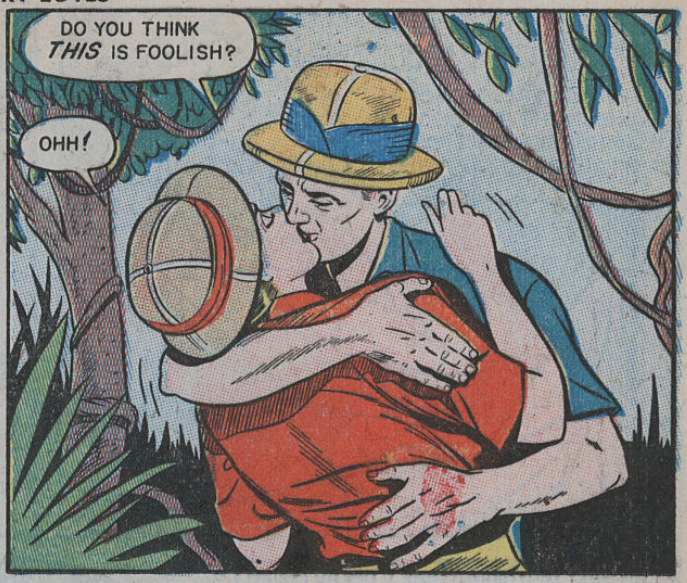
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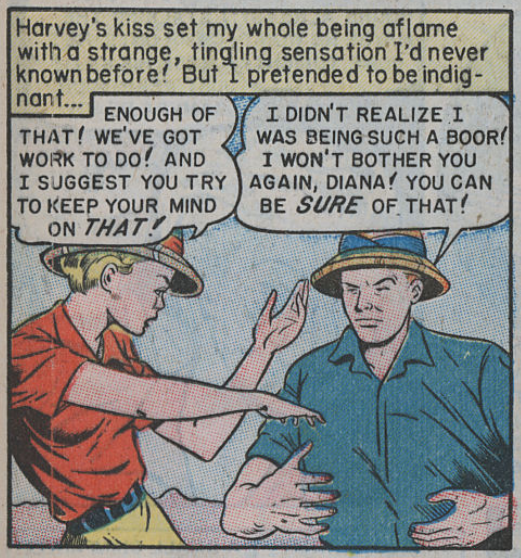
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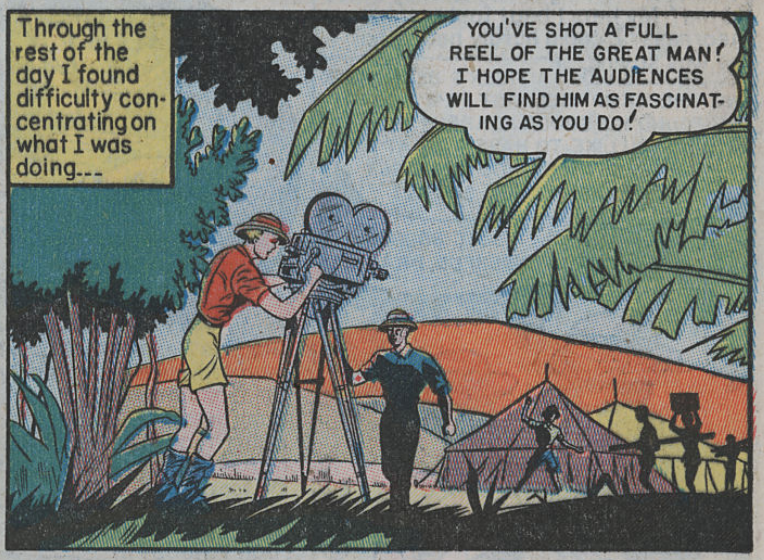
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I hunted for Love
---TODAY WE DISEMBARK AT BANGPOR, THE LAST PORT OF CIVILIZATION! SOON WE STRIKE INTO THE INTERIOR OF THE DARK CONTINENT! FRANK LUCKEY AND I WILL BE ALONE TOGETHER--- EXCEPT FOR HARVEY AND THE NATIVE BEARERS! I CAN HARDLY WRITE, FOR THE EXCITEMENT I FEEL! BEFORE WE RETURN TO BANGPOR AGAIN, I KNOW I CAN MAKE FRANK LUCKEY LOVE ME AS I LOVE HIM!
Three days on the trail now! The heat is almost beyond belief, and the insects are a constant torment! But Frank is bearing up beautifully! This is his element..
THERE'S A CLEARING AHEAD! WE'LL MAKE CAMP HERE!
THERE'S AN HOUR'S DAYLIGHT LEFT, DIANA! YOU MIGHT LIKE TO GET SOME PICTURES OF THIS ENCAMPMENT!
SOUNDS LIKE A GOOD IDEA!
EMPIRE PRODUCTIONS DIDN'T SEND US FIVE THOUSAND MILES TO GET PICTURES OF TENTS! HOW AM I GOING TO WRITE THE CONTINUITY FOR THIS DULL FOOTAGE?
YOU STICK TO YOUR JOB, HARVEY! I'LL HANDLE THE CAMERAS! AND YOU'LL GET PLENTY WORTH WRITING ABOUT!

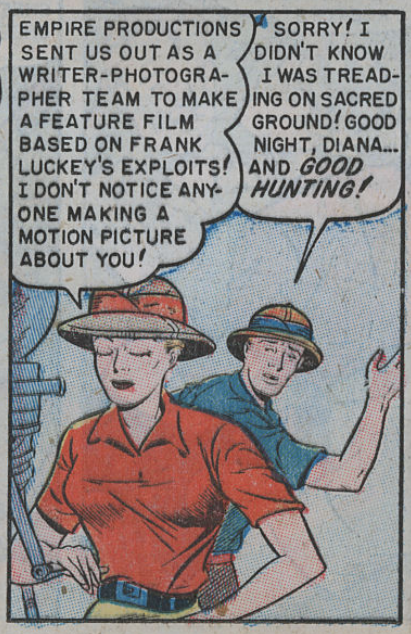

YOU KNOW, I FIND IT HARDER ALL THE TIME TO KEEP MY MIND ON WHAT I'M WRITING ABOUT! THAT'S BECAUSE I'M ALWAYS THINKING OF YOU!
WE'RE GOOD FRIENDS, HARVEY! LET'S NOT BE FOOLISH!


DO YOU THINK *THIS* IS FOOLISH?
OHH!

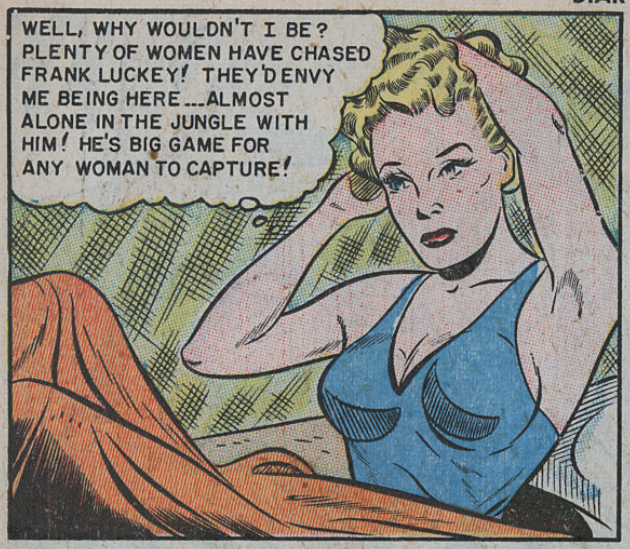

Harvey's kiss set my whole being aflame with a strange, tingling sensation I'd never known before! But I pretended to be indignant...
ENOUGH OF THAT! WE'VE GOT WORK TO DO! AND I SUGGEST YOU TRY TO KEEP YOUR MIND ON *THAT!*
I DIDN'T REALIZE I WAS BEING SUCH A BOOR! I WON'T BOTHER YOU AGAIN, DIANA! YOU CAN BE *SURE* OF THAT!


Through the rest of the day I found difficulty concentrating on what I was doing---
YOU'VE SHOT A FULL REEL OF THE GREAT MAN! I HOPE THE AUDIENCES WILL FIND HIM AS FASCINATING AS YOU DO!


WHY SHOULDN'T THEY FIND HIM FASCINATING? FRANK LUCKEY IS ONE OF THE MOST EXCITING MEN I'VE EVER KNOWN!
MAYBE SO! BUT NO MAN COULD BE AS WONDERFUL AS HE THINKS HE IS!

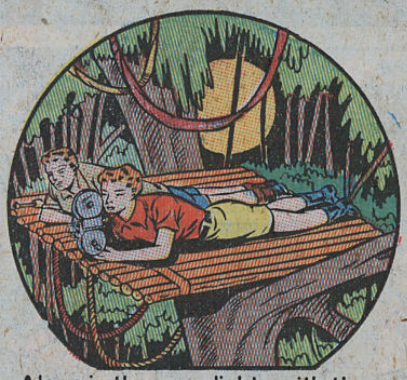

EMPIRE PRODUCTIONS SENT US OUT AS A WRITER-PHOTOGRAPHER TEAM TO MAKE A FEATURE FILM BASED ON FRANK LUCKEY'S EXPLOITS! I DON'T NOTICE ANYONE MAKING A MOTION PICTURE ABOUT YOU!
SORRY! I DIDN'T KNOW I WAS TREADING ON SACRED GROUND! GOOD NIGHT, DIANA... AND *GOOD HUNTING!*


Harvey's jesting farewell rang in my ears for the rest of that night...
"GOOD HUNTING," HE SAID! HE KNOWS THAT I'M AFTER FRANK LUCKEY!









Alone in the moonlight...with the man I love! But the reality was far from the vision I conjured up in my dreams! We were alone, all right! High in a tree, on a platform of raw boards, and we were waiting for a tiger...







As my fears passed, I became aware of Frank's arm about me! An electric current seemed to vibrate between us, and suddenly his arm tightened and his lips came down on mine...

OHH!

It was an eternity before the world stopped careening for me, and I remembered where we were! Surely no lovers ever found a stranger hideaway...

I-I'VE NEVER FELT LIKE THIS BEFORE, DIANA! YOU TAKE MY BREATH AWAY! YOU'RE SO LOVELY...

YOU NEVER APPEARED TO THINK SO BEFORE!

IN FACT, I WAS BEGINNING TO WONDER WHETHER YOU'D EVER NOTICE ME!

I COULDN'T TRUST MYSELF TO LOOK AT YOU! YOU WERE SO MUCH IN MY THOUGHTS I WAS AFRAID I'D SAY ALOUD ALL THE THINGS I'D IMAGINED SAYING TO YOU!

SAY THEM NOW, DARLING! I WANT TO HEAR THEM!

YOU LITTLE DEVIL! I'M MAD ABOUT YOU!

Suddenly our love idyll was interrupted by a shrill cry of pain and terror...

AYAAAAA!

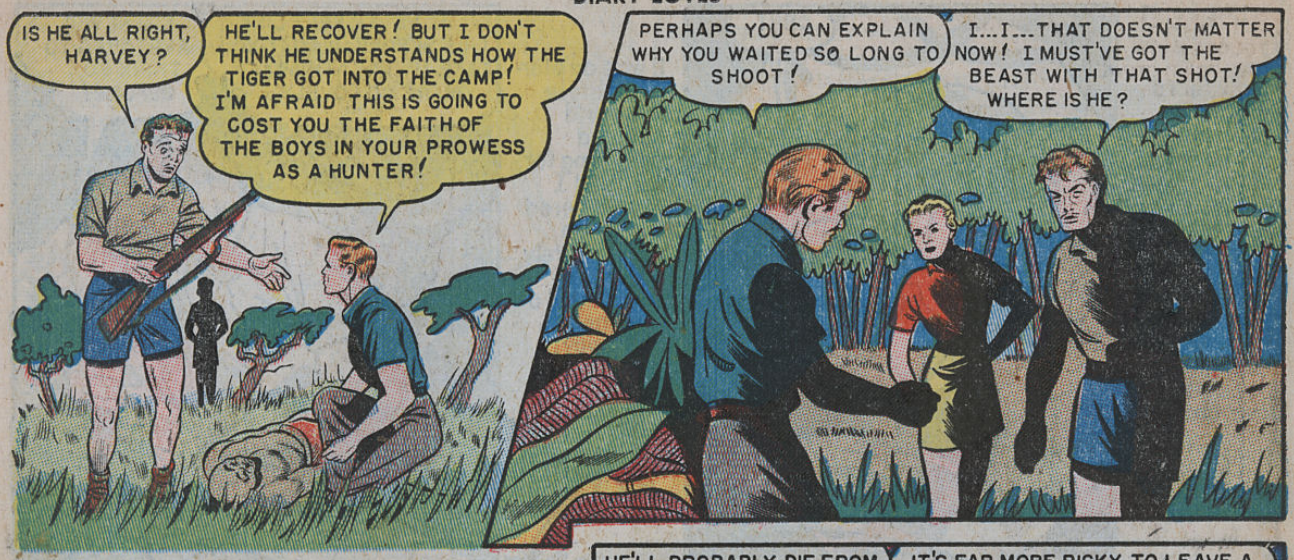
WHAT'S THAT?

Moments later we raced toward the scene where a native boy writhed in agony! My heart beat out an accusing rhythm...

THIS IS ALL MY FAULT! IT WOULDN'T HAVE HAPPENED, IF I HADN'T TAKEN FRANK'S ATTENTION OFF THE HUNT!

GOOD GLORY! IT'S THE TIGER! HE'S BROKEN INTO OUR CAMP AND ATTACKED ONE OF THE NATIVE BOYS!

BAM!



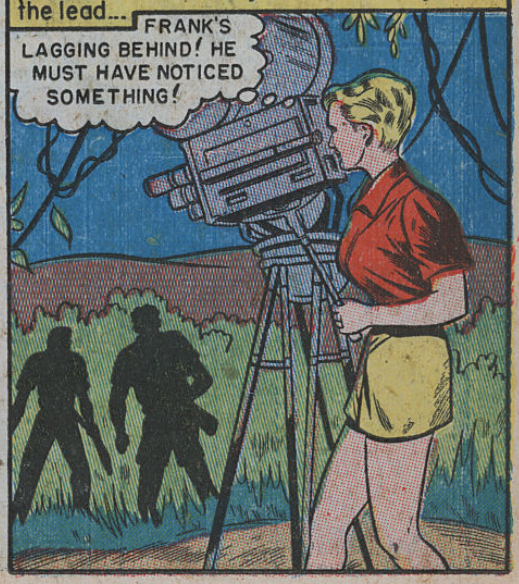






Both men tried to argue me out of joining them in the tiger-hunt! But I refused to listen to their talk of danger! In a way, I felt responsible for what had happened... and I couldn't miss an opportunity of photographing the great Frank Luckey in action!

It was exciting to watch the two men as they beat their way into the tall grass where striped death lurked in waiting! I was surprised to see Harvey Wilson actually take the lead...




But the next second a low, menacing growl sent my terrified heart thudding into my mouth!
OHHH! IT'S THE WOUNDED TIGER!
GRRR!
I fell into the pitiful shelter of the jungle grass! Hopelessly, I awaited the savage, tearing attack! I heard the soft pad of the killer's paws draw nearer...
OHH, FRANK... FRANK, DEAREST!
And then I heard the sharp bark of a rifle!
BAM!
AHRRR!
I'M SAVED!
FRANK, I... WHY, IT'S HARVEY! YOU CAME TO MY RESCUE!
I SAW WHAT HAPPENED! MY DARLING, YOU'RE NOT HURT?
Harvey's strong arms drew me close to him! And, strangely, I knew that I didn't ever want him to let me go...
I BELONG HERE! BUT WHY DIDN'T I EVER REALIZE IT UNTIL NOW?
IF ANYTHING HAD HAPPENED TO YOU, I WOULDN'T HAVE WANTED TO GO ON LIVING! I LOVE YOU, DIANA!
I KNOW THIS IS THE WRONG TIME TO ASK! DON'T BE KIND TO ME, DIANA! TELL ME THE TRUTH! DO YOU LOVE ME TOO?
YES... OH, YES! AND NOW KISS ME, SO I CAN FORGET WHAT A FOOL I'VE BEEN!
When Harvey and I returned to camp, we found Frank had fled in terror when he first caught a glimpse of the tiger! Then I realized that Frank Luckey, the famous big game hunter, was really a coward... that he only hunted big game when there was no danger to his own precious skin!
But I don't feel any bitterness! How can I... when I'm leaving Bangpor on a honeymoon trip with the man
I love? I hunted for love... only to discover that its only habitat is... the heart!

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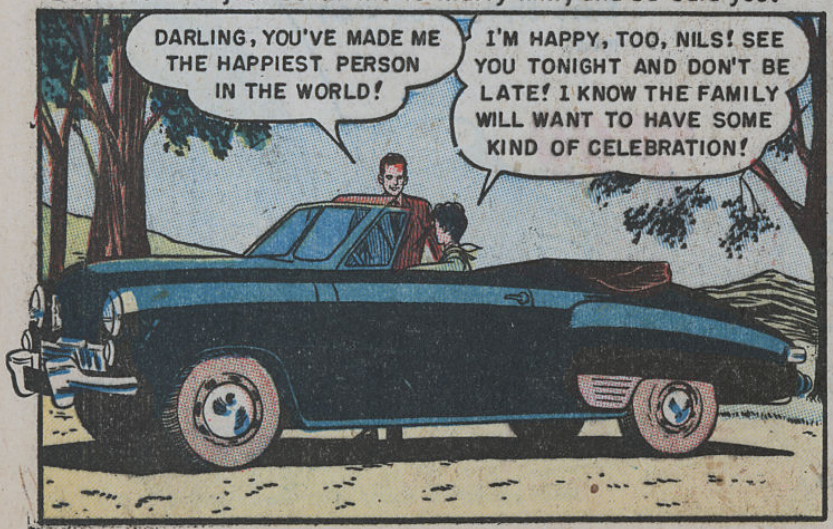
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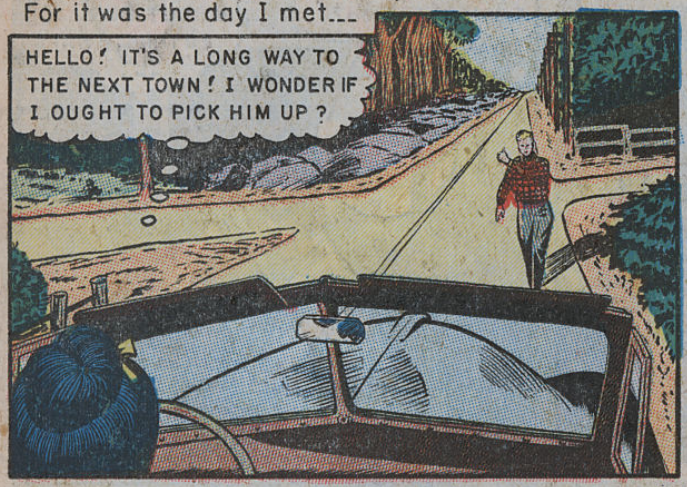


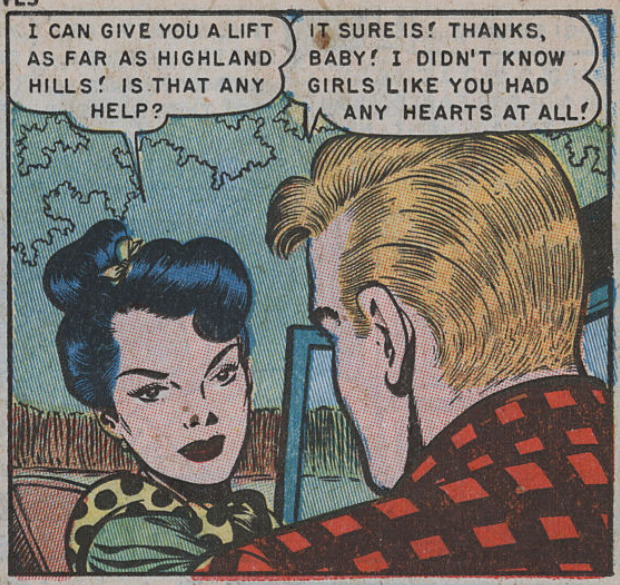
I'd known Nils Anderson since we were school kids, and maybe that was the reason his kisses never swept me off my feet! But Nils had just asked me to marry him, and I'd said yes!



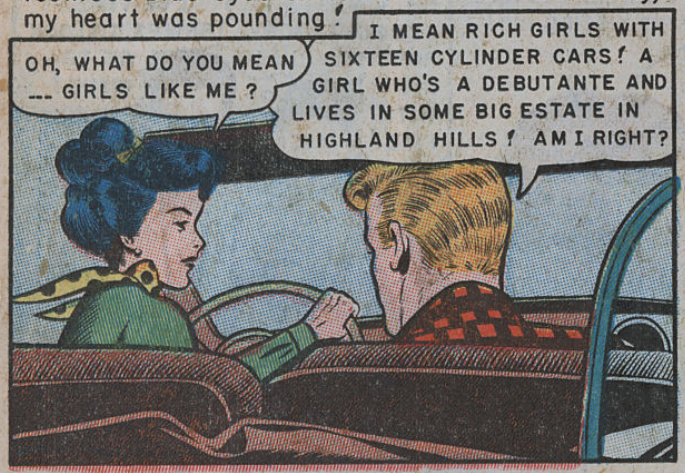


I remember thinking that I must remember this day always, the day that Nils proposed! But I was destined to remember it for quite another reason! For it was the day I met...

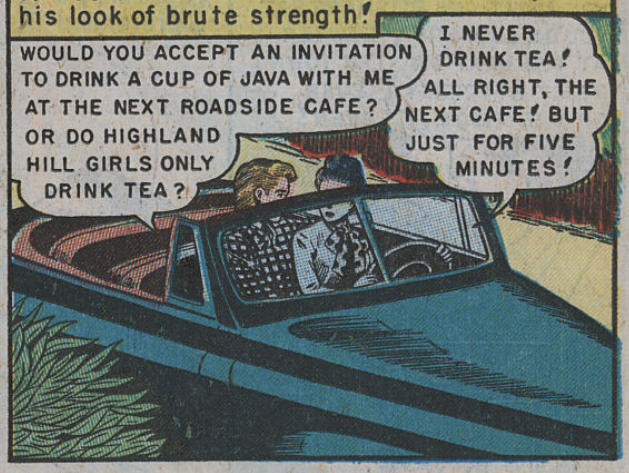




Maybe it was fate that he spoke about my heart just then! Because I'd forgotton I had one, until his reckless blue eyes smiled into mine! Suddenly, my heart was pounding!



He was right, but I didn't answer him! Something about him thrilled me to my fingertips! It was the air of adventure about him, his look of brute strength!



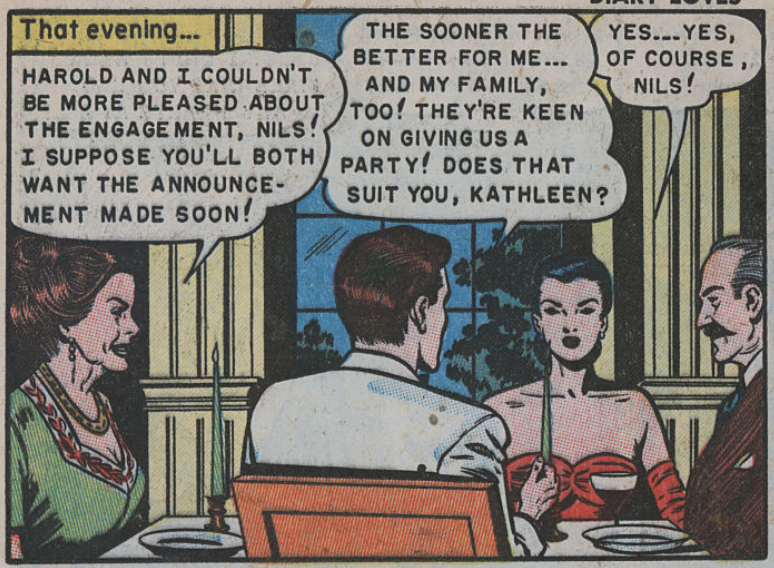
In the Wagon Wheel diner, a few minutes later...





I struggled with myself! It was exactly what I shouldn't do, I knew! It wouldn't be fair to Nils! Because somehow I knew even then that I could fall in love with Bix so easily... so divinely!









The image of Bix's rugged, handsome face sprang into my eyes as Nils' lips touched mine! For the first time, I felt a thrill...because I pretended Bix was kissing me!





But of course, I couldn't resist meeting Bix at the cafe the next day! I was even early! I hardly recognized Bix when he came in the door!



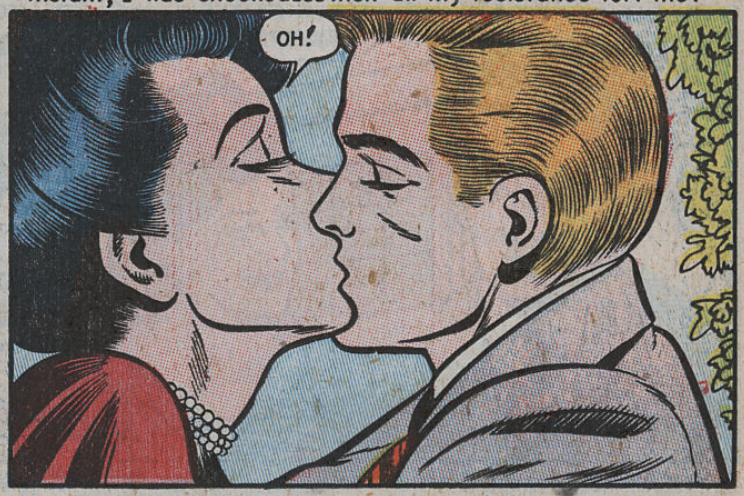


Bix was putting on his party manners to try to make a hit with me! And his boyish shyness with it all was adorable! I kidded him a little...

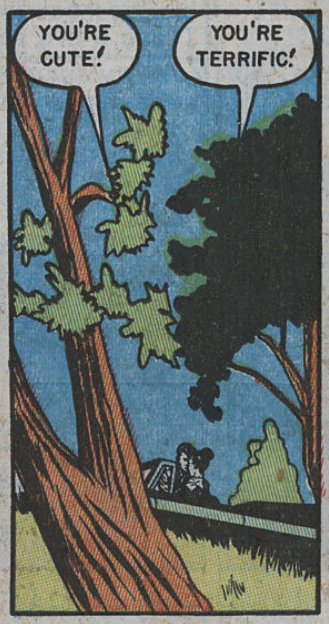




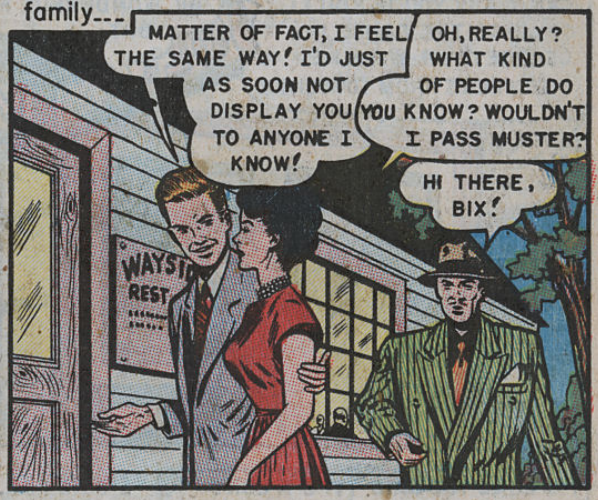
My remark had really bothered him! He seized me roughly in his arms and crushed his lips hard against mine! For an instant, I was shocked---then all my resistance left me!







I drove to a wayside restaurant miles away from Highland Hill! I didn't want anyone I knew to see me with Bix! Bix didn't mind at all! He understood that I came from a straitlaced family---





I didn't like the man's looks at all! It might have warned me about Bix...but I wouldn't let it! What a lot of heartache could have been avoided if I had heeded that warning!



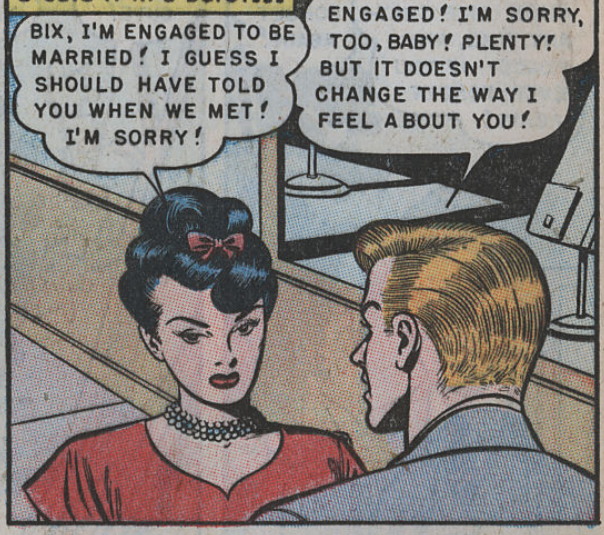




Then Bix held my hand under the table, and the rest of the world vanished! Later, we went to a movie, but I don't think either of us knew what it was about!



I couldn't put it off any longer! We were falling too much in love, and much too fast! So I said it in a burst...





I said no... and then yes! I sneaked away from home on some pretext and saw Bix for one heavenly hour! There, in the Wagon Wheel diner, he told me he loved me!



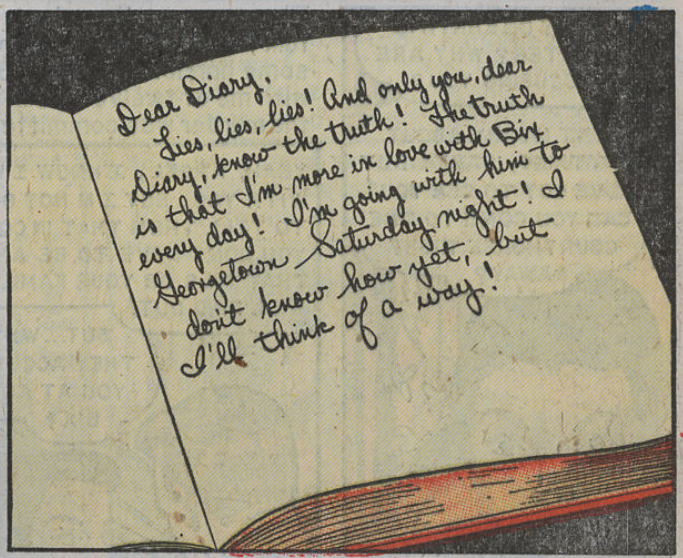


But a bittersweet anxiety about Bix and me was eating into my heart! Whenever I was with Nils, I felt guilty! Whenever I had to endure a kiss of Nils', I pretended it was Bix!











At 8:30, I crept out of the house, and sped to the Wagon Wheel diner! I blew my horn twice and Bix ran out! He looked like a dream in his new evening suit!



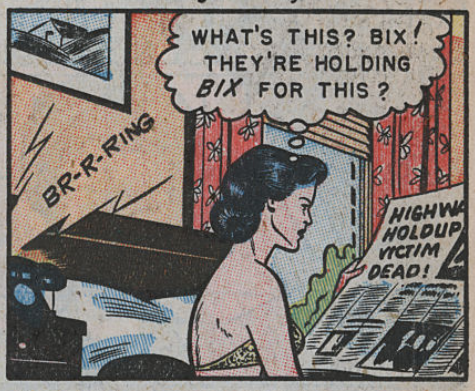




I'll never forget that night! How can I, when it was the last happy evening Bix and I were fated to know?



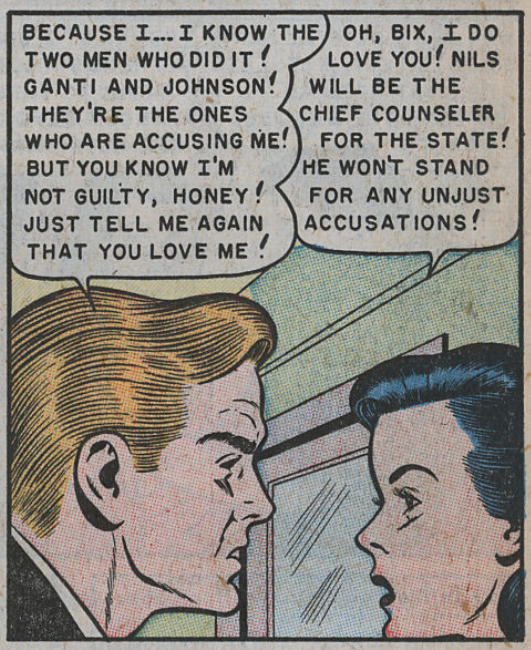
But the next morning, a thunderbolt rent our heaven apart! There'd been a holdup on the Georgetown highway the night before! The robbers had shot their victim in their effort to get away! And...



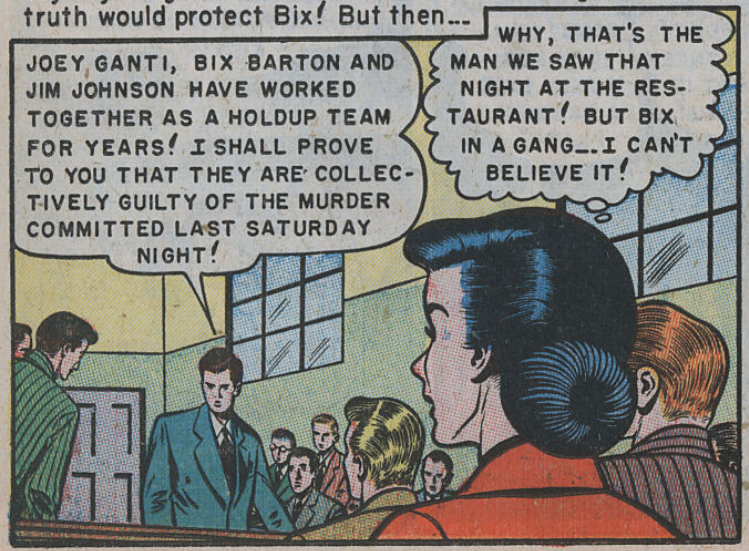


They gave me five minutes to talk to Bix! I knew there was some horrible mistake! Bix was with me at twelve o'clock when the murder was committed!





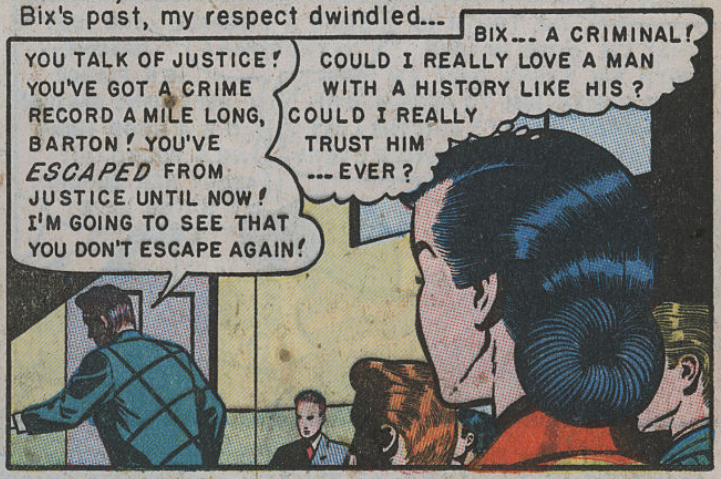
Of course, I couldn't tell Nils that I knew Bix! I didn't dare say anything to Nils in Bix's defense! I thought sure the truth would protect Bix! But then...







I respected Bix for keeping our secret in the face of a possible twenty year sentence! But as the trial went on, and Nils' merciless attack revealed more of Bix's past, my respect dwindled...



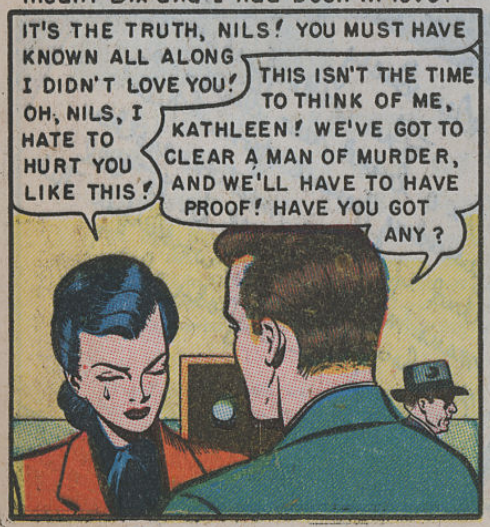
But Bix wasn't guilty of murder! I knew that! My conscience bothered me, for with my diary, I could prove his innocence! And finally, the morning came when the jury pronounced the three of them guilty!



Once more, Bix's strong fingers had enslaved me! I felt I loved him more than my pride, more than my family! After the court adjourned, I went straight to Nils!



Nils' face went white, but he tried to control himself, tried to take the facts like a lawyer... the awful facts that meant Bix and I had been in love!

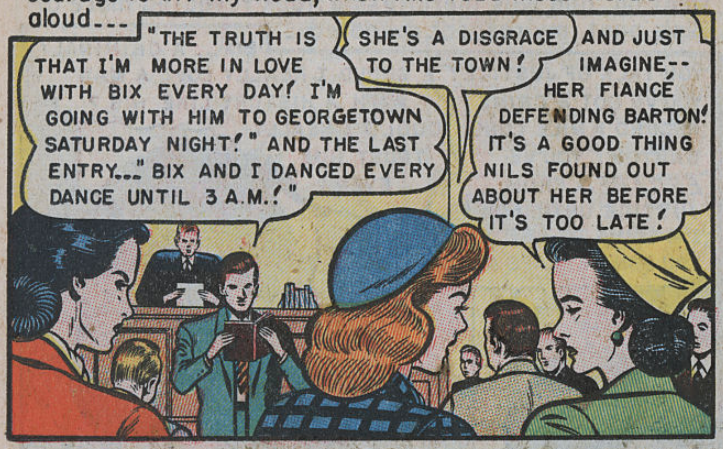




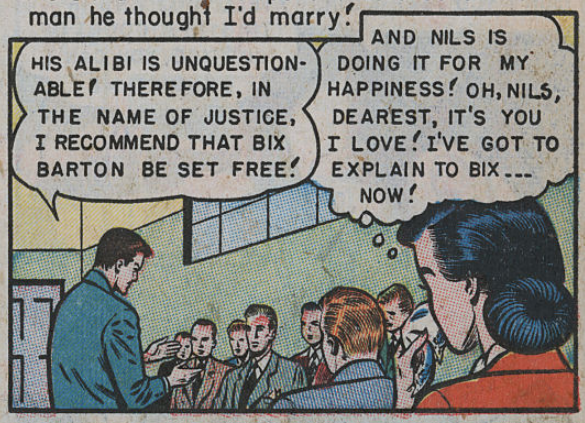
Nils spent all day reading my diary, reading the stolen hours, the passionate embraces I'd known with Bix! My heart was sick with shame and guilt!



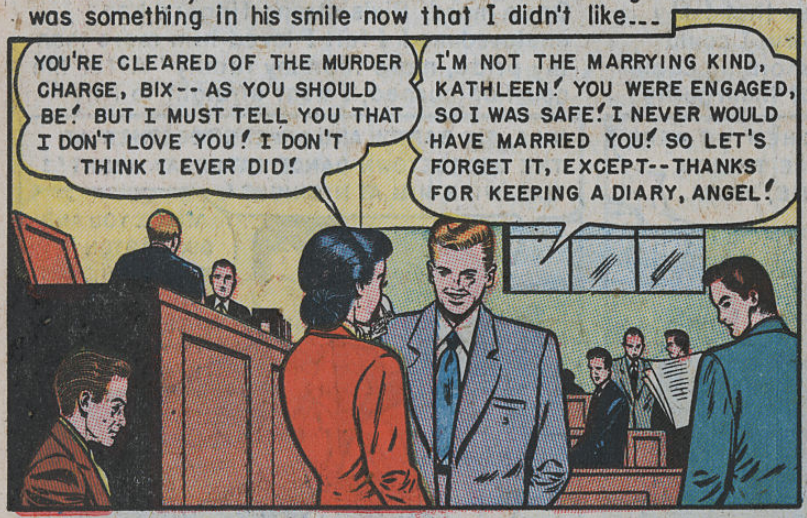
Nils called the re-trial for the following morning! I was determined to be present, but it took my last ounce of courage to lift my head, when Nils read those words aloud---



Their words haunted me, made me ashamed of ever having loved Bix! Nils was so much finer--I knew it now! I'd never admired him more than when he spoke in defense of the man he thought I'd marry!



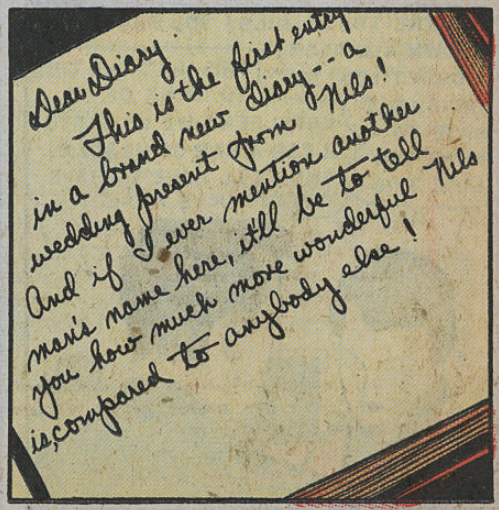
A moment later Bix was pronounced not guilty! In the confusion that followed, I rushed to his side! Bix was smiling--but there was something in his smile now that I didn't like---











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IT'S BEEN Nice KNOWING You

Dear diary,

Well, diary, here I am! Sweating out that long, last, lonely Hollywood vigil, after all the fairweather friends have disappeared and all hope for any success in the movies is gone. Nothing is left except the endless waiting. For me it is waiting for the wire from home to take me back home. Back home! How good that sounds to me, even knowing the misery which awaits me there.

There are hundreds, thousands of girls in Hollywood just like me. They are pretty, have a little talent for singing or dancing or acting, but they never quite make the grade. Sometimes they give up and go back home, or sometimes they just give up. But either way it is the beginning of the end, the beginning of the loneliness and despair and the waiting for nobody knows what. Yes, diary, there are hundreds, thousands of girls in Hollywood just like me. Just like me with this one big difference—I never wanted to come here in the first place!

It all started as a gag. I had a kind of cute song and dance routine I used to do back home at parties and socials just for my friends. It always went over big with the gang and I got a great kick out of it. I only did it for fun though, and getting on the stage or into the movies had never entered my mind. You see, I had other plans, like Jimmy, for instance. So when the amateur contest was announced, with a trip to Hollywood as the grand prize, I didn't give it a second thought. I had no reason to because I was going to marry my Jimmy, whom I loved with all my heart and soul, and whom I wouldn't leave for any trip to Hollywood or any place else. Besides, I really didn't want to get into the movies!

Then my friends began to gang up on me. After all, they said, I had talent, and I had a routine worked out, and I owed it to them to get in and win, and so forth and so on. The more they insisted the more I refused, but finally they wore me down and I entered the contest! Jimmy didn't say much either pro or con. When I told him about it he just kind of looked at me hard and long, like he had never really seen me before. Then he said, "I know you'll win, kid. After all, you've got more class than Betty Grable, Jane Russell and Esther Williams combined." I only laughed when he said it. Sweet darling, he's in love—I thought!

The next few weeks were a whirlwind of excitement. There were rehearsals, then the preliminaries, and then more rehearsals, and then the series of semi finals, with a mad rush of parties and dances in between. And always in the background there was Jimmy, silent and serious, neither approving nor disapproving, just standing by.

Through some miracle I came through the semi finals and got into the final round of the contest. I shall never forget that fateful night as long as I live. My friends and relatives all came out to see me, and darlings that they were, they planned a big blowout for me for afterwards, whether I won or lost. They meant well, goodness knows, and they had no way of knowing the real tragedy that lay in store for me.

Don't ask me how or why, but I won that contest hands down. It was terribly exciting and flattering and I think I shook hands and was kissed by every man, woman and child in town, when the results were announced. I hadn't told anyone that I had no intention of accepting the prize but planned to turn it over to the runner up the following day. Tonight, however, I was determined to have my little taste of fame and glory. And I certainly did!

When I finally was able to tear myself away from the congratulating and well wishing of friends and relatives, I ran up to Jimmy who was waiting for me in the lobby. I noticed that he looked rather serious and grim, but I was too disappointed because he didn't kiss me to pay it any attention. I started to say something but he cut me off and said, "Let's skip the blowout, Peggy, and take a walk. I've got to talk to you."

"But Jimmy, everyone's expecting me. After all, I am the guest of honor and I can't just not show up."

"I'm sorry, but what I've got to say is important and I want to say it before the party. Come on, let's walk!"

There was something about his tone of voice that told me not to argue. Besides I was sure I knew what he was going to say. He'd want us

to get married right away, before I left. Maybe go to Hollywood together for a honeymoon. My heart was singing with joy as we walked along in the clear starlit night. We walked in silence for awhile and then Jimmy said, "So you're going to be a movie star. Guess you won't be wanting a head shipping clerk hanging around. Not with all those rich, handsome movie stars who'll be rushing you out in Hollywood."

I laughed gleefully to myself. He would miss me, he would! I started to reassure him, "Oh, Jimmy, Jimmy, darling! As if anyone could ever take your place with me. Besides, I'm not—"

He interrupted me before I could finish. "No, don't say anything until I'm through. I've been wanting to tell you for a long time, now, but I didn't quite know how to break it to you. The contest and the trip to Hollywood make it a little easier. For some time now—well, I felt that you and I—. You're a nice kid, Peggy, and all that, but—well—I just felt that you and I wouldn't work. The first, fresh bloom seems to have worn off. For me, anyhow, and frankly, I want out!"

I felt as if someone had struck me a severe blow across the face. The blood pounded at my temples, and then my whole world, my whole life crashed down around me!

I don't remember the rest of that walk home except that neither one of us spoke. My friends, the party they had planned were forgotten. When we reached my door, he bent over and brushed my cheek with his lips. "So long, kid! It's been nice knowing you!" And he walked down the steps and out of my life. Just like that!

The phone didn't stop ringing all the next day with anxious friends wondering why I hadn't shown up to my party. I made one lame excuse after another and threw myself into preparations for the trip. Now there was nothing left for me but to go to Hollywood. Nothing left for me but to make the trip I didn't want. Fortunately the excitement of preparaion gave me an excuse not to answer questions or make explanations. I couldn't get away quickly enough. My heart was sick and sore. But time is a great anesthetic. Not a healer, no, because my heart will never heal. But the bitter, weary, fruitless months have numbed the pain so that nothing can ever hurt me again. Not the stare of the people on Main Street, not the sympathetic glances of friends, not even running into Jimmy again and acting like we never meant anything to each other. And now, I only want to leave this lonely, lonely place and go back home, even knowing what awaits me there.

The bell just rang! It's the wire, at last! The wire with the money from home to take me back home!

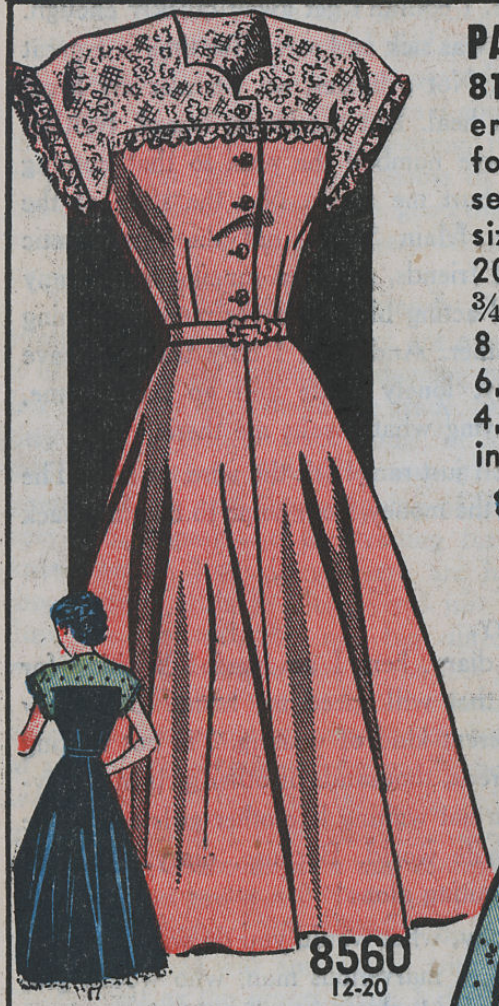
Dear diary,

Well, diary, here I am again! Waiting for the train that will speed me home. Only now it's a different kind of waiting. I'm not waiting like hundreds, thousands of other girls in Hollywood. I'm not waiting like other girls any place in the whole world. Because, diary, this time I'm not waiting alone!

Oh, diary, what would you do with a man, a wonderful, a marvellous man, who would give up the woman he loves, sacrifice his future happiness, so that he wouldn't keep his beloved from a movie career which he thinks she wants. Rather than stand in her way, he pretends to be tough and casual, pretends to be tired of her, pretends not to love her. Then, when he finds out that she is down and out, he comes flying to her side to take her in his arms, to soothe and comfort her, and above all, to bring her all his love.

Yes, diary, it was Jimmy and not the wire from home at that doorbell. My Jimmy, who always loved me and always will! My Jimmy, whom I love more than ever and whom I will never leave again—never—not for anything in the world!

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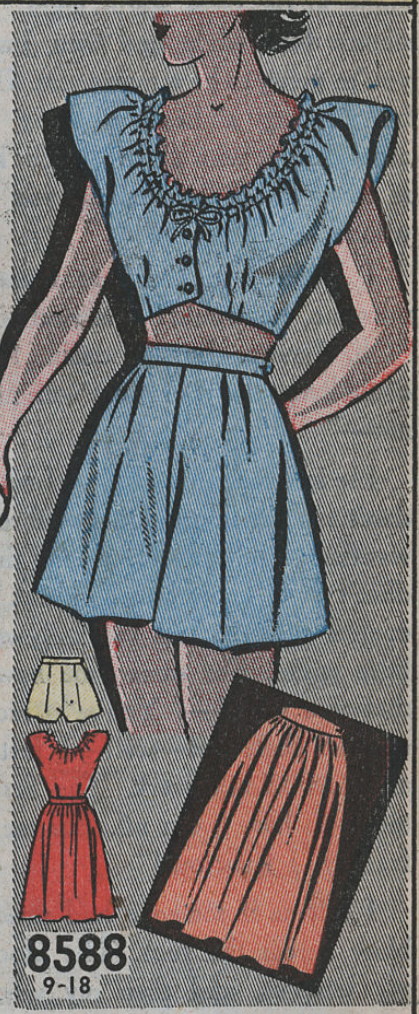
PATTERNS 25c each

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8130
12-42

8131
3-8 yrs.

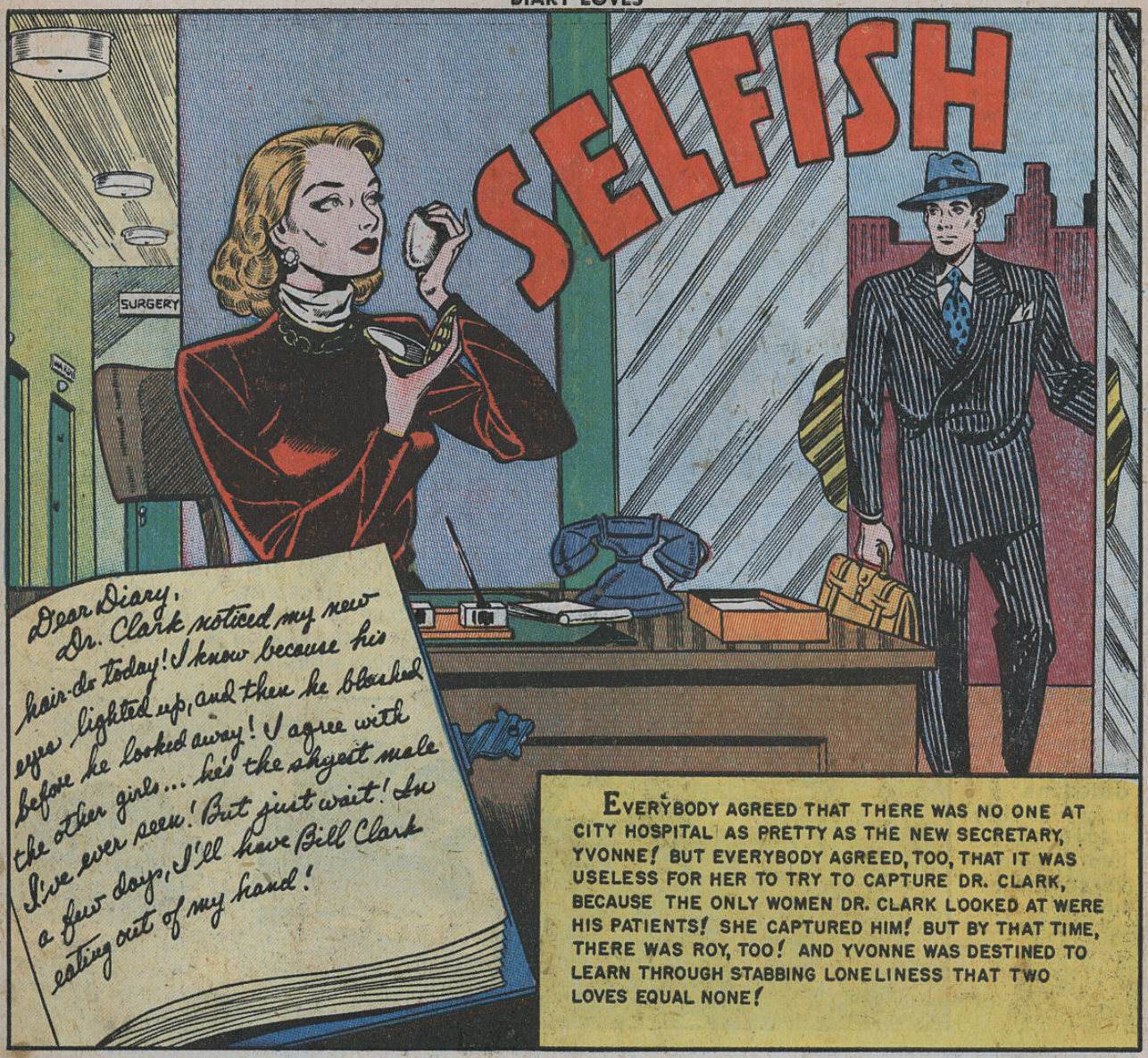


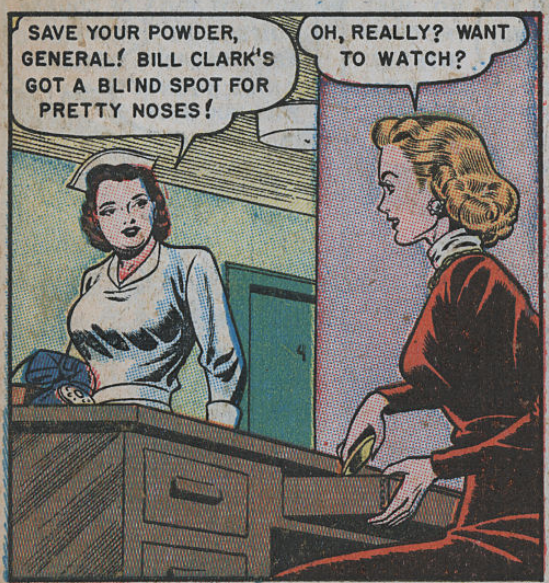
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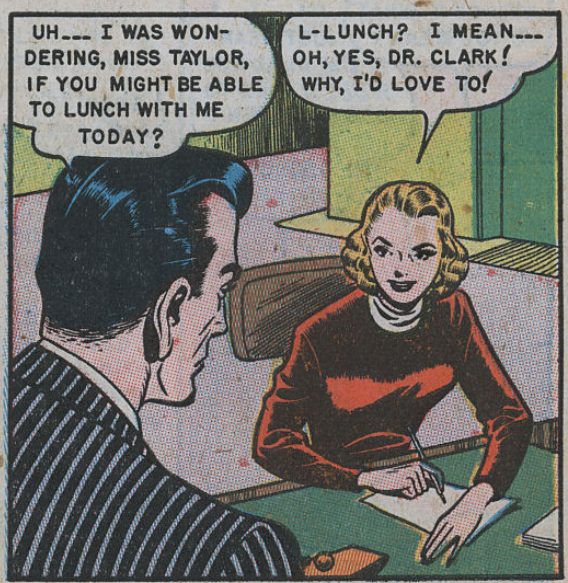
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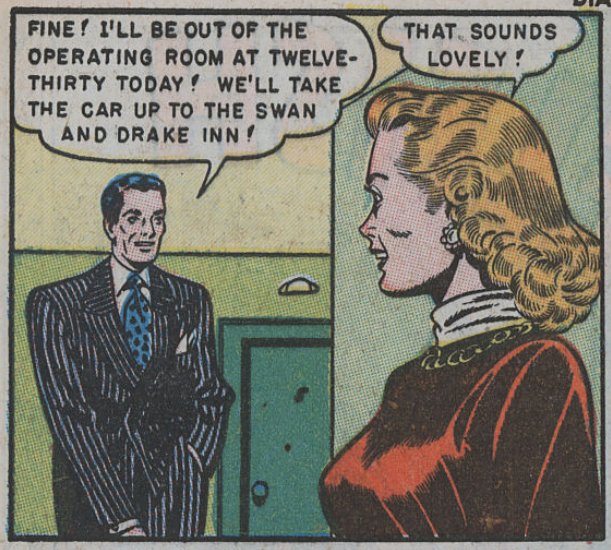
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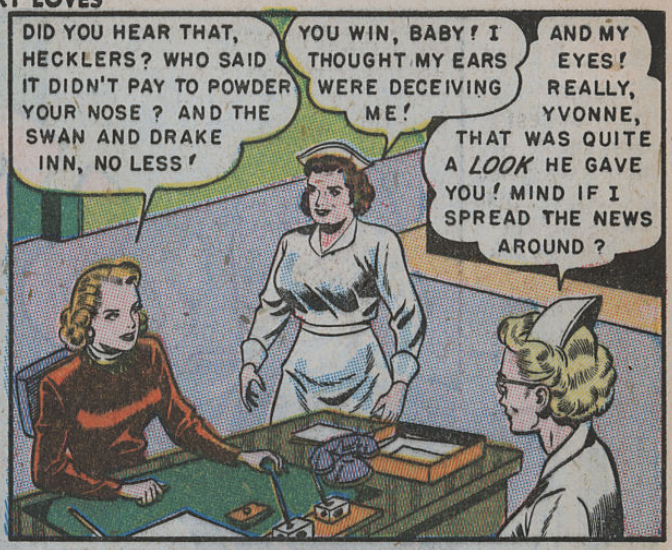




I hoped Polly was watching when Dr. Clark flashed me a boyish smile with his "good morning" and then to my surprise, stopped at my desk!







I didn't mind mind at all if she spread the news! I wanted everybody to know that the most brilliant surgeon at the hospital had dated me! I only wish they could have heard the conversation at lunch!







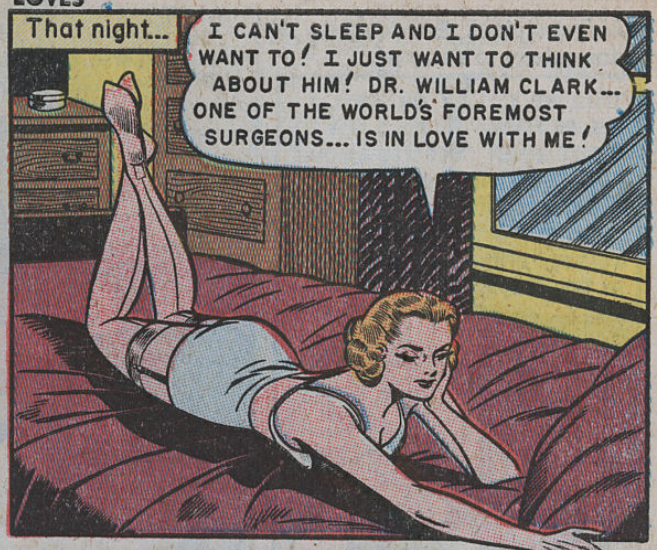
I shouldn't have used the word "attack" to a man like Bill Clark! He was above adolescent slang! I determined to act very serious and dignified that weekend!

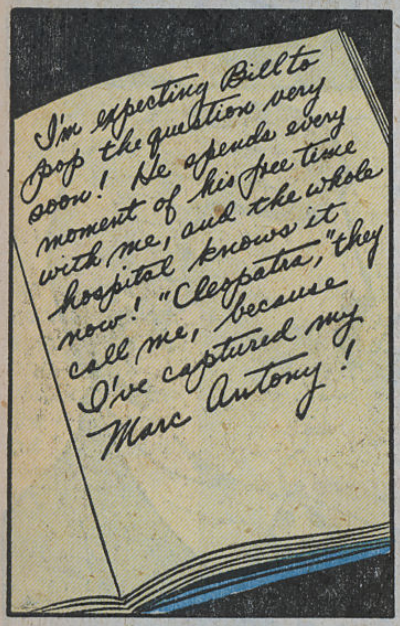




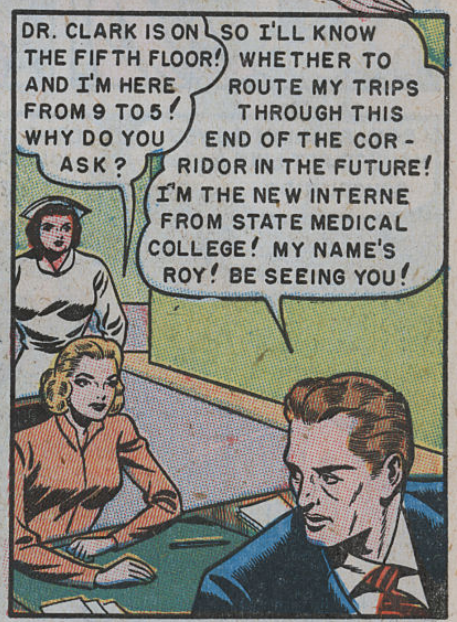
In my wildest dreams, I hadn't imagined his kisses could be so masterful! They were a bliss I had never known! They made me forget myself completely for the first time in my life!







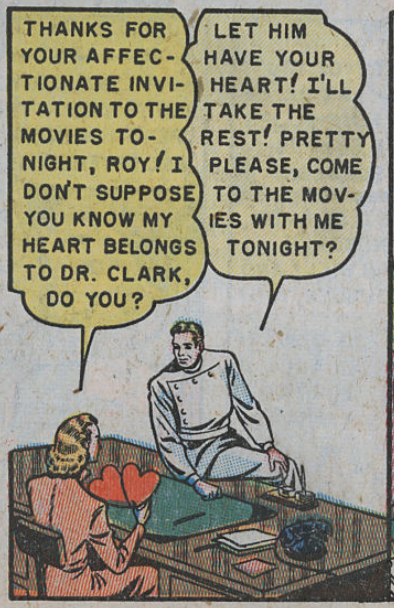


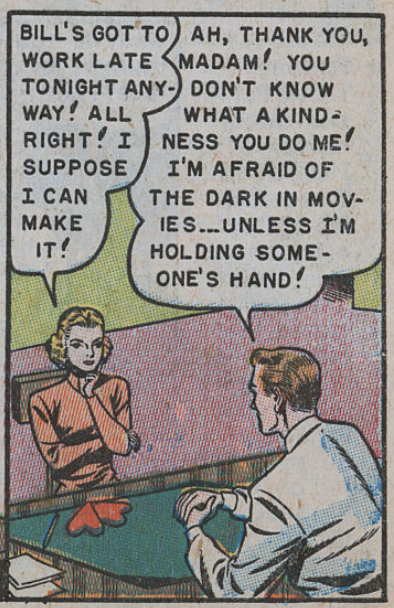




But Roy chose to concentrate on me! I was flattered, of course! I thought, why should I steer him toward Polly Adams, if his taste was obviously so much better?







At five o'clock, Bill dashed downstairs to see me!

DARLING, I I'LL BE FREE ABOUT NINE TONIGHT! SHALL I PICK YOU UP AT HOME FOR A LITTLE DRIVE IN THE CAR?

OH...WELL, I TOLD ROY I'D GO TO A MOVIE WITH HIM TONIGHT! YOU DON'T MIND, DO YOU, BILL?

OF COURSE NOT, YVONNE! I'M GLAD TO SEE YOU HAVE FUN THESE NIGHTS WHEN I HAVE TO WORK LATE! AND ROY'S A FINE FELLOW, TOO! GO AHEAD!

THANKS, BILL! YOU'RE AN ANGEL!

In my secret heart, I'd have liked Bill to show a little jealousy! If he'd seen Roy in the movie, and known what the pressure of Roy's hand did to me, Bill might not have taken me so much for granted!

MOVIE Program

YOU WEREN'T KIDDING, WERE YOU? CAN'T YOU LESSEN THAT VISE-LIKE GRIP A LITTLE BIT?

NO, BUT I CAN DO SOMETHING DIFFERENT! LIKE THIS, FOR INSTANCE!

ROY, REALLY! DO YOU HAVE TO ACT LIKE A HIGH SCHOOL KID?

COME ON! ADMIT YOU LIKE IT JUST A LITTLE BIT!

I LIKE IT! QUITE A LOT!

It was nonsense, but such sweet nonsense! I kept thinking, that as foolish as Roy acted, he was going to be a fine doctor someday! His medical school record was A-plus! He'd been doing a good job at the hospital! Bill said so!

WHAT'RE YOU THINKING ABOUT, BABY FACE?

THINKING OF YOU AS DR. ROY PHILLIPS ...A FAMOUS SURGEON!

HE'D BE EVEN HANDSOMER THAN BILL! AND YOUNGER, TOO!

The next day...

ROY! I THOUGHT YOU HAD TO STAY IN THE OPERATING ROOM ALL AFTERNOON!

I'VE GOT A MINUTE BETWEEN JOBS! AND WHAT A COZY PLACE TO FIND YOU!

GOT TO GET A LOT MORE PRACTICE IN KISSING YOU, YOU KNOW! I MIGHT BE KISSING YOU FOR THE REST OF MY LIFE!

ALL RIGHT... ONE! AND A QUICK ONE!

Once more, a small, dangerous thrill shot through me at the touch of his lips! It wasn't the heaven that Bill's kisses brought me, but for a moment, my head was whirling! Then the cloakroom door opened!





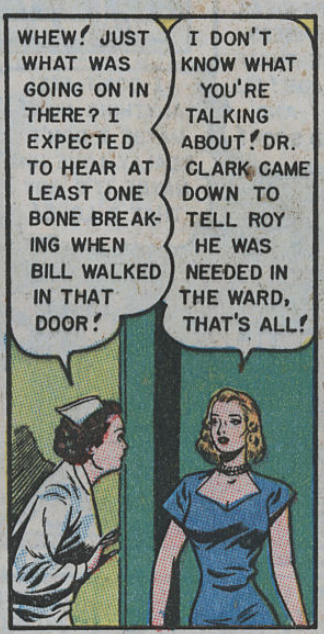


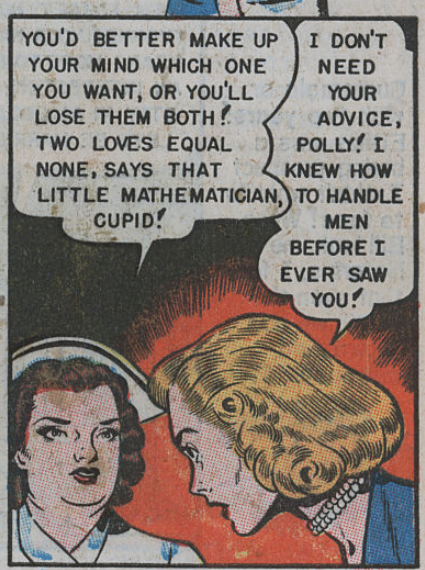


It was childish of me, I suppose, but I felt Bill hadn't minded enough that Roy and I were kissing! I knew Bill loved me, but I wanted a man who'd fight for me!

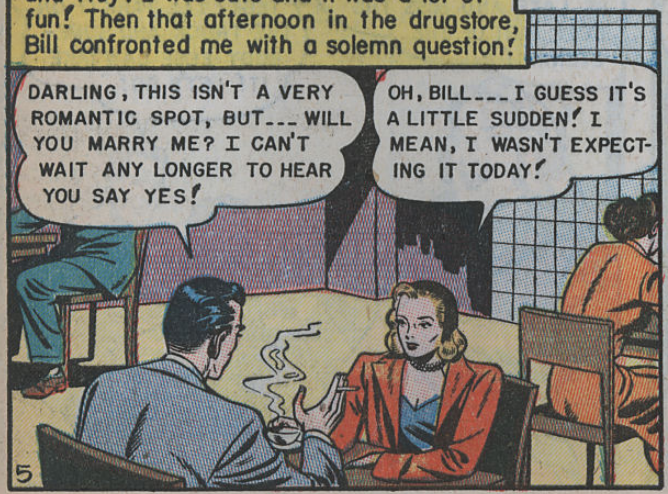


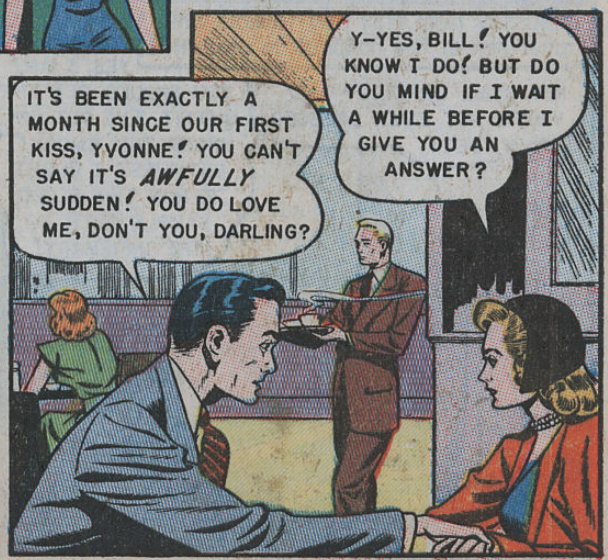






I decided I'd keep playing with both Bill and Roy! I was safe and it was a lot of fun! Then that afternoon in the drugstore, Bill confronted me with a solemn question!





The mere touch of his hand should have told me! I was his, forever! But to postpone an engagement meant I could still have my fun with Roy! And my vanity prompted me to tease Bill even further!

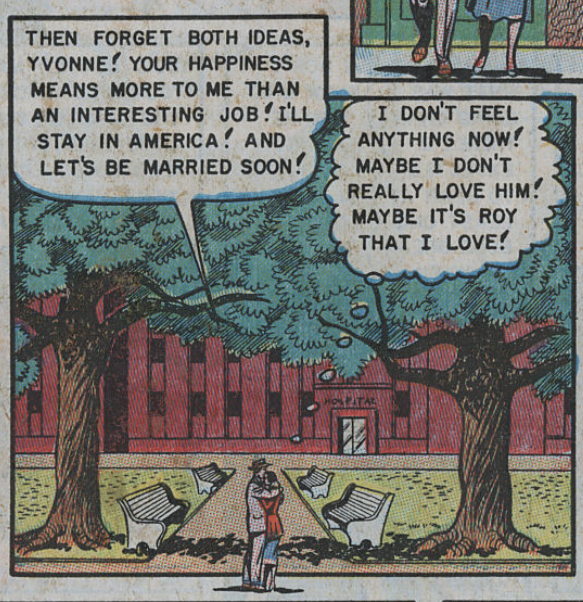


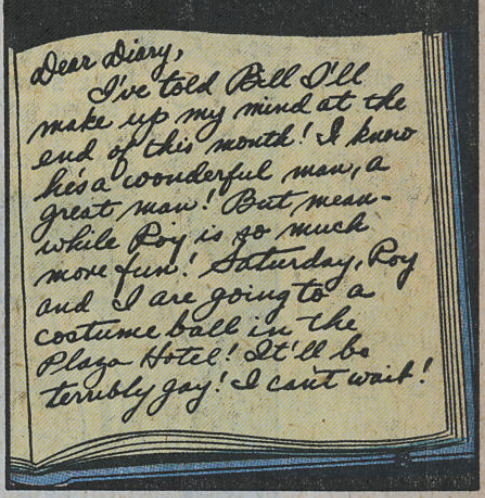


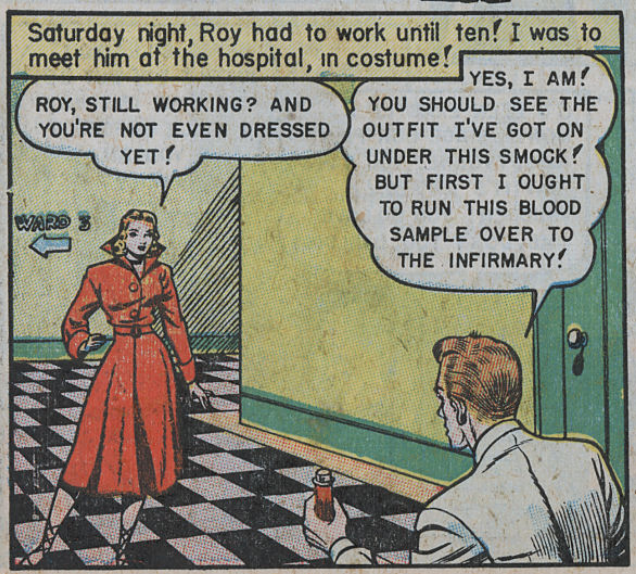


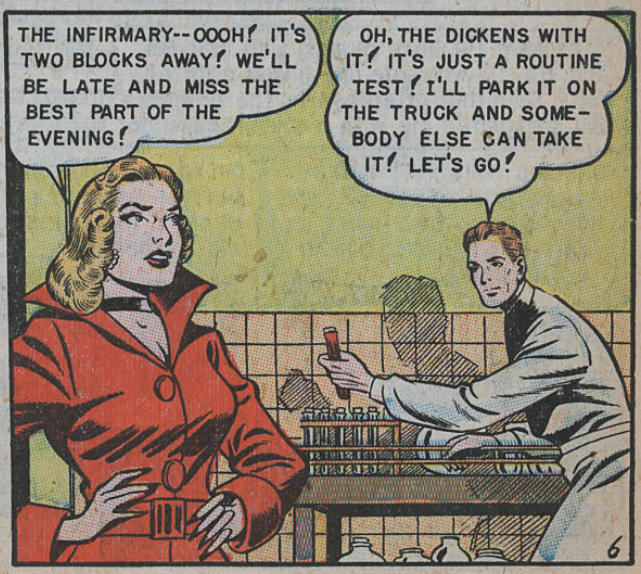
Guatemala or wait two years! Either was a boring prospect I didn't want to to face! When Bill took me in his arms, I felt that even the magic we had known had disappeared!











Roy's apache costume made him madly attractive to me! We spent the evening in each other's arms, dreading the moment the dawn would come!

LET'S PRETEND WE'RE ALL ALONE ON A DESERT ISLAND, ROY! I DON'T WANT TO LOOK AT ANYBODY ELSE BUT YOU!

I DON'T HAVE TO PRETEND, ANGEL! I CAN'T EVEN SEE ANYBODY ELSE BUT YOU!

But the morning did come, and with it a frantic telephone call from Roy! He was at the hospital! I couldn't imagine what was the matter!

I CAN'T EXPLAIN HERE! ANYWAY, DARLING, I WANTED TO SAY GOODBYE BECAUSE I MIGHT HAVE TO GO AWAY! I MIGHT NEVER SEE YOU AGAIN!

ROY! WHAT IS IT? WAIT! I'LL BE THERE RIGHT AWAY!

When I got to the hospital...

IT'S THAT BLOOD TEST I FAILED TO TAKE TO THE INFIRMARY LAST NIGHT, YVONNE! I'M LOSING MY INTERNSHIP HERE!

LOSING YOUR INTERNSHIP? WHY?

BECAUSE THE SICK CHILD WHOSE BLOOD THAT WAS MIGHT LOSE HIS *LIFE!*

BILL, DON'T YOU THINK YOU'RE BEING A LITTLE HARSH?

THAT BLOOD TEST SHOWED SEPTIC POISONING THIS MORNING! IT MAY BE TOO LATE TO DO ANYTHING ABOUT IT! THE MEDICAL PROFESSION HAS NO PLACE FOR A CARELESS MAN!

FIRING ROY ISN'T MY DECISION ANYWAY! IT'S THE HOSPITAL BOARD'S! I'M VERY MUCH AFRAID HE'LL HAVE A TOUGH TIME GETTING AN INTERNSHIP IN ANOTHER HOSPITAL!

WAIT, BILL! IT WAS PARTLY MY FAULT! I'D LIKE TO SAY SOMETHING TO THE HOSPITAL BOARD IN ROY'S DEFENSE!

IT'S NO USE! BUT SINCE YOU SEEM TO BE SO DEVOTED TO ROY, PERHAPS YOU'D BETTER STICK WITH HIM NOW! I'VE WATCHED THIS COMING, BUT I DIDN'T WANT TO ADMIT IT! GOODBYE, YVONNE!

ALL RIGHT, BILL, IF THAT'S THE WAY YOU FEEL! GOOD-BYE!

I turned to Roy, but something seemed to have happened to him! He looked beaten, whipped! Now that I knew he'd never be a good doctor, all his glamor had vanished suddenly!

THIS DOESN'T MAKE ANY DIFFERENCE, BETWEEN US, DOES IT, YVONNE? IF CAN'T GET ANOTHER INTERNSHIP THERE ARE A LOT OF OTHER PROFESSIONS! YOU CAN STILL CARE FOR ME, CAN'T YOU?

NO, ROY! I'M AFRAID MY FIRST IMPRESSION ABOUT YOU WAS RIGHT! YOU ACTED LIKE AN ADOLESCENT AND YOU *ARE* ONE! NO, I'LL NEVER LOVE YOU, ROY!

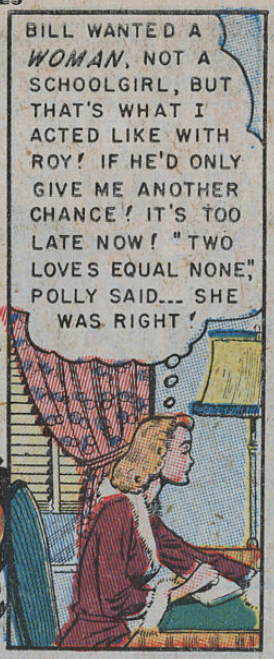
I felt ashamed of myself! Ashamed of having been attracted to Roy, and ashamed of the way I'd treated Bill! Then I made my decision!

BILL'S WORTH A DOZEN ROYS! AND I THREW HIM AWAY! BUT MAYBE IF IT'S NOT TOO LATE, I CAN MAKE HIM FORGIVE ME! I'LL TRY AS HARD AS I CAN!

On Monday morning, I found out that the sick child was on the mend! But that didn't alter Roy's banishment! I didn't see Bill come in, so finally I phoned Surgery thinking he might have worked all night!



I tried to pretend to myself that I didn't want Bill back! I hid my heartache from the world, and only my diary knew my secret pangs of love and remorse!

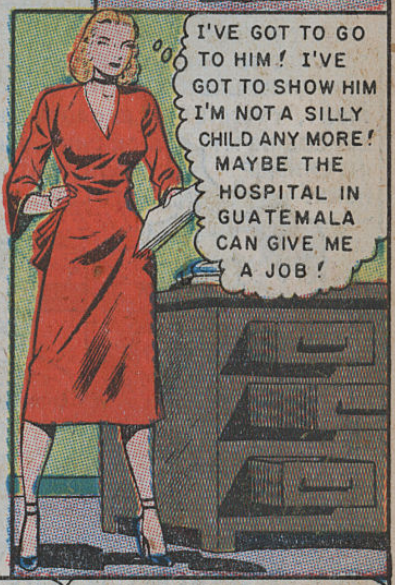


Then one day...

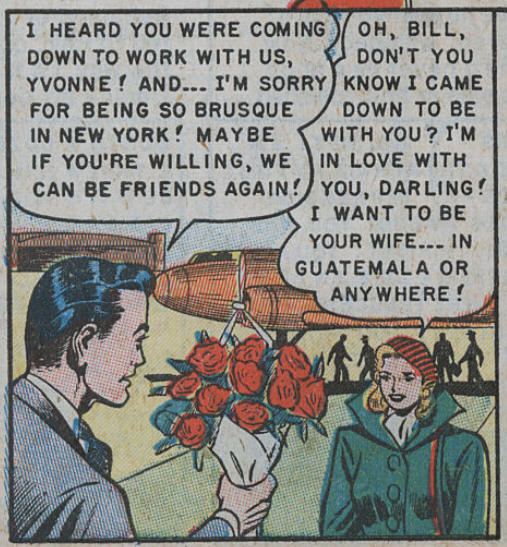


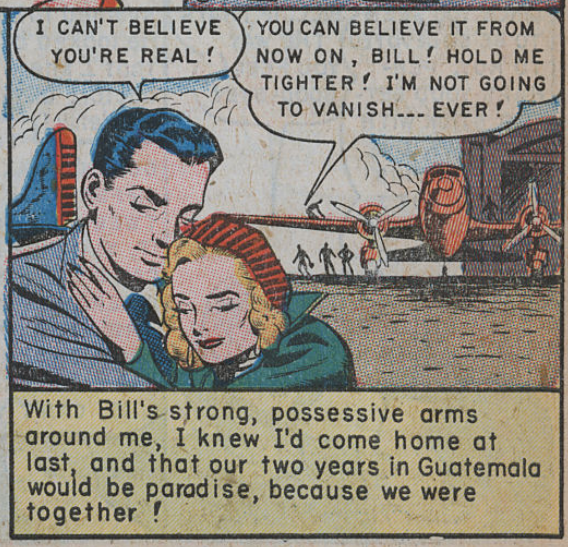






The Guatemala hospital was delighted to take on an English-speaking secretary! I caught the first plane down, and when we landed at the airport, Bill was waiting with flowers!





With Bill's strong, possessive arms around me, I knew I'd come home at last, and that our two years in Guatemala would be paradise, because we were together!

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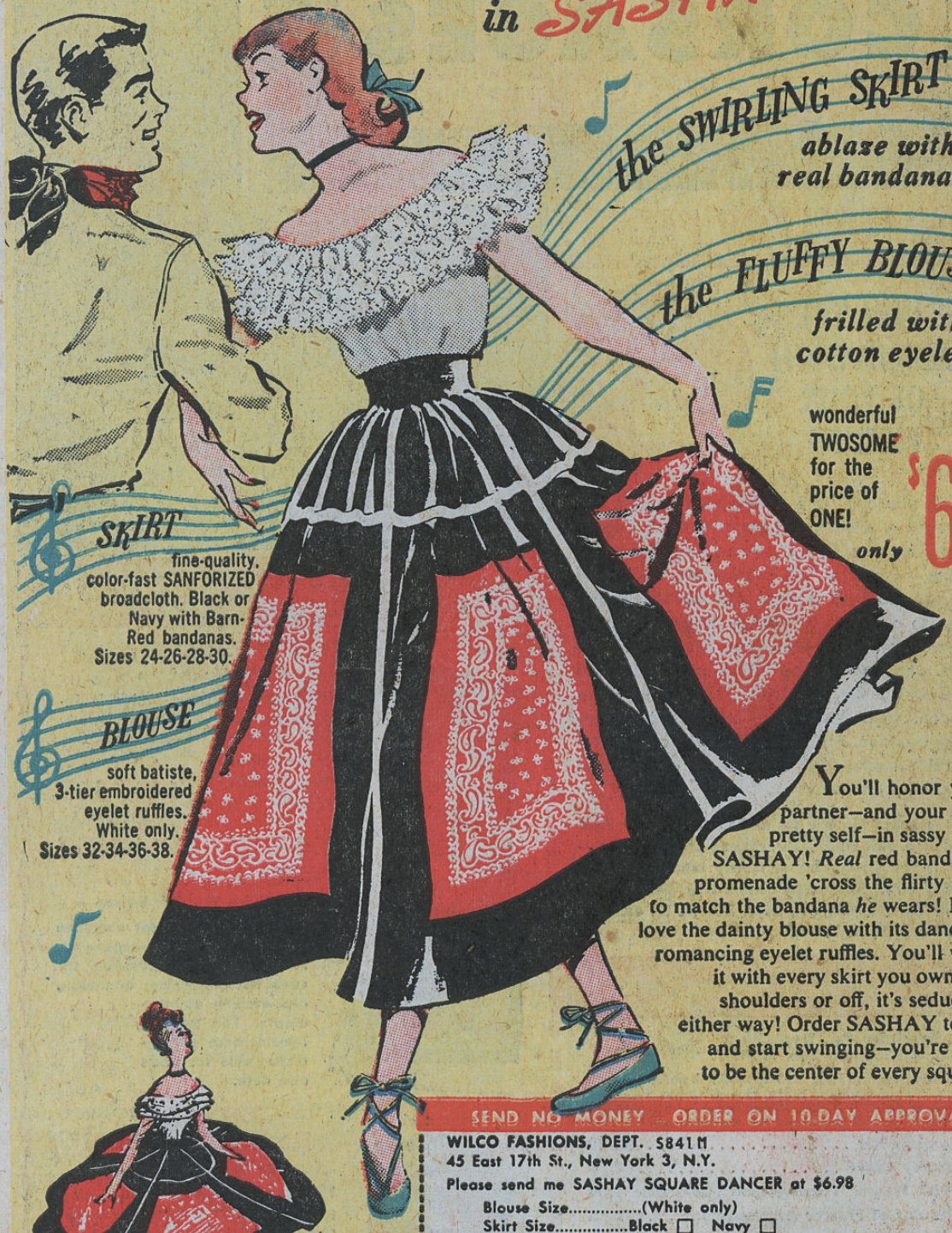
By Tatsuo Ishimoto

150 Easy to follow, step-by-step photographs, 78 different flower arrangements, each designed to work magnificently with a variety of flowers, each susceptible to many variations. Make a place for nature inside your home!

ONLY $2.75

you're the SQUARE DANCE darlin'

in "SASHAY"



the SWIRLING SKIRT
ablaze with real bandanas!

the FLUFFY BLOUSE
frilled with cotton eyelet!

wonderful TWOSOME for the price of ONE!
only $6.98

SKIRT
fine-quality, color-fast SANFORIZED broadcloth. Black or Navy with Barn-Red bandanas. Sizes 24-26-28-30.

BLOUSE
soft batiste, 3-tier embroidered eyelet ruffles. White only. Sizes 32-34-36-38.

You'll honor your partner—and your own pretty self—in sassy little SASHAY! *Real* red bandanas promenade 'cross the flirty skirt to match the bandana *he* wears! He'll love the dainty blouse with its dancing, romancing eyelet ruffles. You'll wear it with every skirt you own—on shoulders or off, it's seductive either way! Order SASHAY today and start swinging—you're sure to be the center of every square!

YARDS OF SWIRLING SKIRT!

SEND NO MONEY ORDER ON 10 DAY APPROVAL

WILCO FASHIONS, DEPT. S841M
45 East 17th St., New York 3, N.Y.

Please send me SASHAY SQUARE DANCER at $6.98

Blouse Size.....(White only)
Skirt Size.....Black ☐ Navy ☐

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____STATE_____

☐ Ship C.O.D. I will pay postage. ☐ I enclose $6.98. You pay postage.
IF NOT DELIGHTED, I MAY RETURN IN 10 DAYS FOR FULL PURCHASE PRICE REFUND.

SMALL BUST WOMEN

Special Design "Up-And-Out" Bra Gives You A Fuller, Alluring Bustline Instantly



COLORS:
- NUDE
- WHITE
- BLACK
- BLUE

SIZES: 28 to 38

NO PADS! NO ARTIFICIAL BUST BUILDUP NEEDED

Self conscious about your flat looking bustline? Figure Beauty starts with a glamorous bustline. The sensational "Up-And-Out" Bra has an exclusive secret patent pend. feature that tends to lift and cup flat, unshapely, small busts into a FULLER, WELL-ROUNDED, EXCITING BUSTLINE like magic instantly.

One of Our Many Satisfied Customers Below Says:

". . . It's amazing how its special feature gives my bustline real glamour."
—Miss Doris Harris, Wichita, Kansas



BEFORE Miss Harris wore the "Up-and-Out" Bra, she was flat, unshapely, and shy.



AFTER she wore the "Up-and-Out" Bra, her attractive bustline gave her poise, confidence.

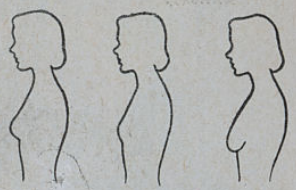
Profile View Of Hidden Feature in Bra

which does wonders for your individual bust problem.



Below are some types who can be helped.

Special patent pending bust molding feature on inside of bra lifts, supports and cups your busts. No Matter Whether They Are Small, Flat or Sagging, into Fuller, Well-Rounded "Up and Out" curves like magic instantly!



Now Wear All Dresses, Blouses, Sweaters, etc. (No matter how form fitting) With Bustline Confidence!

With the "Up-And-Out" Bra underneath, all your clothes will display the sweater girl, feminine curves you desire and require to look attractive. Firm elastic back and easy to adjust shoulder straps. Beautiful fabric — easy to wash.
Colors: Nude, White, Black.
Sizes: 28, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38.
Only $2.49. Mail Coupon Now.

SEND NO MONEY!

FREE 10 DAY TRIAL COUPON

Tested Sales, Dept. MR-64B9
296 Broadway, New York 7, N. Y.

Tested Sales, Dept. MR-64B9
296 Broadway, New York 7, N. Y.

Rush to me my "Up-And-Out" Bra in plain wrapper in size and color checked below. I will pay postman on delivery $2.49 plus postage. If not delighted in 10 days, I will return merchandise for my money back.

Size_____ Color_____ How Many_____

Name_____

Address_____

City, Zone, State_____

Check here if you wish to save postage by enclosing $2.49 with coupon. Same Money Back Guarantee.

RO-BERT Fashions

Smash Values!

Style No. 207
For busy days . . . frivolous nights — this glamorous, flare-back, cardigan-styled topper . . . to go with everything you own. Smartly double-breasted with six antique gold-finish buttons. Sensationally low priced in wonderful crease-resistant gabardine.

IN EXCITING COLORS:
- NAVY
- RED
- AQUA
- PINK
- WHITE

SIZES:
9-11-13-15-17-19
10-12-14-16-18-20

only **3.99**



COLORS:
- LILAC
- RED
- BROWN
- GRAY
- BLUE
- ROSE
- MAIZE



Style No. 1728
Romp your way to new fun in this adorable round-the-clock 3 piece combination. For sunning wear the saucy romper and bra with or without bare midriff, bare shoulders, or as a V-neck halter. Then add the luxurious shirred-waist skirt for accent on allure. Unbeatable value in fine washable cotton print.

SIZES:
11-13-15-17
12-14-16-18

only **5.99**



IN EXCITING COLORS:
GRAY
BLUE
RED

Style No. 606
Breathtaking 3-way bolero outfit! Off comes the jacket to reveal daring elastic-top dress. Clings at the bosom. Deep-V strap is a designer's inspiration! Or tuck in for completely bare shoulders! Floral print in washable cotton. Amazingly low priced!

SIZES:
10-12-14-16-18
LARGE (20 and 40)

only **3.99**



SEND NO MONEY-10 DAY FREE TRIAL

RO-BERT FASHIONS, Dept. Q-9
6 West 20th Street, New York 10, N. Y.
Please rush the following items as illustrated. If not delighted, I may return purchases within 10 days for full refund.

Style No.	Size	1st Color Choice	2nd Color Choice	Price
207				
606				
1728				

☐ I enclose full amount plus 21¢, saving C.O.D. charges.
☐ Send C.O.D. I'll pay full amount plus postage and shipping.

Name

Address

City Zone State

DIARY LOVES 7

SEPT. 1950

COVER - PHOTO		
I TOOK THE WRONG ROAD	H. ANDERSON + WARD°	9
DESERT MADNESS	? & ?	7
I HUNTED FOR LOVE	? & ?	6
ALIBI OF ANGUISH	ALICE KIRKPATRICK + WARD°	9
IT'S BEEN NICE KNOWING YOU	TEXT	2
SELFISH	JOHN FORTE + WARD°	8